

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED



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THE RESCUE OF THE SEVEN SURVIVORS OF THE GREELY ARCTIC COLONY AT THE MOUTH OF SMITH'S SOUND.

SEE PAGE 358.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1884.

CAUTION.

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THE CHOLERA ALARM.

THE excitement produced in the South of France by the presence of the cholera amounts to nothing less than a panic. The Prefect of Marseilles states that over 40,000 persons have fled from that city by the railway, and 20,000 by other conveyances. Commerce and industry are at a standstill, and great numbers of workmen are unemployed. This state of things in a city of 360,000 inhabitants is full of horror, and the alarm in other French cities and towns is naturally very great. There are fears that the disease may at any moment break out in Paris.

Judging by past experience, there is every reason to apprehend that the terrible scourge will visit the United States before many months—perhaps even before the next Winter. There is, therefore, an urgent call upon physicians, Boards of Health, and citizens generally, to unite in adopting such sanitary measures as science and experience have shown to be efficacious. Even if the spread of the disease cannot be wholly resisted, there is no doubt that its fatality may be greatly reduced by precautions that may very readily be adopted. One thing is fortunate—viz.: there is no longer any talk among us of the cholera being an arbitrary visitation of God on account of what some reckon as public sins. Once it was gravely argued that the Almighty sent this terrible scourge upon communities to mark His displeasure in view of their profanity, their violation of the Sabbath, and their failure to support religious institutions. Nearly forty years ago, when the clergy of New York city proposed a day of fasting and prayer on account of such sins, as a means of averting the wrath of Heaven as manifested by the presence of the cholera, Horace Greeley dared to remind them that the causes of the disease were purely physical, and capable of discovery and removal. It was neither profane swearing nor the profanation of the Sabbath, great as were those evils, but the "profane smells" with which the houses, streets and alleys were reeking, that brought the disease upon the city. Cleanliness and the prompt use of scientific disinfectants was what God demanded of the people. Happily, this lesson has been well learned by the people of this country, inasmuch that nobody now believes that any spiritual exercises will avail to avert the diseases of which dirt and filth are the procuring cause. Religion itself has gained a victory in the removal of a superstition which has done a vast deal of mischief.

The advance of sanitary science in this country within the last twenty-five years is very great, and Boards of Health have been organized in the great centres of population to apply the knowledge already acquired and to make new investigations. Popular interest in the subject is alive, as it has been at no former period. The public authorities appear to be generally awake to their duty, and there is reason to hope that what can be done will be done to avert one of the most terrible calamities that could befall the nation. Forewarned is forearmed.

THE GREELY RESCUE.

ELSEWHERE in these columns is told the story of the rescue of the survivors of the Greely Arctic Colony. Of the twenty-eight members of the colony all but seven had perished before the relief expedition reached the camp, and of the survivors one subsequently died on the way to St. John's. The relief expedition appears to have been conducted with energy and discretion, and the officers in command have justly received the applause of their superiors and the public. To the brave men who for three Winters suffered the terrors of Arctic cold, struggling with sublime courage against privations and perils which with each day grew more pitiless, the country will accord a royal welcome on their return, while from those whose lives were sacrificed in the performance of difficult duty, few, if any, will withhold the tribute of genuine sorrow.

It is some compensation for the loss of life and the terrible sufferings involved in the expedition to know that its scientific results have been unexpectedly great. The party reached a higher latitude than any other Arctic expedition—83 deg. 24 min. north, 44 deg. 5 min. west—the honor of this achievement being especially due to Lieutenant Lockwood, Sergeants Brainard and Christians. They followed the coast of Greenland, and making their last cache at Cape Bryant, they examined and plotted over a hundred miles of coast line in North

Greenland, and sighted land, which they located in 84 deg. 09 min. north. They crossed Grinnel Land and discovered a fjord which leads into the sea on the west side. They also discovered an inland lake, sixty miles long and abounding with fish. They plotted valleys and mountain ranges and many glaciers. Animal life was found to be abundant in Grinnel Land. The meteorological observations are described as exceptionally valuable, as is also the work in other departments of science. Complete collections were made in every branch of science, and all without the loss of a single man until the party, finding no provisions at the place where they had been promised, were reduced to starvation. Had Lieutenant Greely found at the mouth of Smith's Sound the shelter and food which he had a right to expect there, he would probably have brought his entire party back to the United States in perfect health after three Winters in the highest northern latitudes that have ever been reached, and after a series of sledging campaigns which, as characterized by competent authorities, "for boldness and skillful execution have rarely, if ever, been surpassed."

THE MINISTER'S VACATION.

FROM his church the minister is now away on his vacation, and the voice of the croaker is heard in the streets. Every Summer his voice is heard, and his constant complaint is that the minister neglects his parish, serving his own pleasure rather than serving the needs of the community in ministering to the sick and suffering and in performing the last rites over the dead. The complaint is usually based on the charge that a certain A. B. searched a whole day in vain for a clergyman to make a prayer over the coffin of his child.

We have no wish to defend the clergy from offenses of which they are guilty; but we do desire to affirm our belief that the clergy are usually innocent of all such charges of unfaithfulness. These indictments are generally made by persons who bear no direct relation to the Church. Last Summer the writer heard a gentleman remark that the ministers of a neighborhood should so plan their vacations that at least one of their number might be at home ready to respond to calls. The remark was wise enough, but it did not come with good grace from the one making it. For he, though possessed of hundreds of thousands of dollars, fails to contribute to the needs of the churches of which he spoke, and is seldom seen in their pews. Usually those who thus complain are the last who have the right of complaint.

But, furthermore, such charges are ordinarily either false or unreasonable. Though absent for the sake of needed rest, ministers are seldom beyond the call of the telegraph. Not a few expressly announce to their congregations their desire to be summoned home in case of sickness or death. One clergyman traveled from Michigan to Massachusetts to attend the funeral of a parishioner, although the parishioner held no intimate relation to either the church or its pastor. Many ministers, moreover, remain within a few hours' ride of their churches in order to be of immediate service to any one who may call. A distinguished and able minister of New York city, the pastor of a rich and prominent church, supplies his own pulpit throughout the vacation season, and is at hand ready to answer all proper demands. A minister of New Orleans, also, one of the most widely known clergymen of the United States, remains at his post throughout the hot season. He says he wants to be with his congregation in their sickness when they most wish for and need him.

No class of professional men are, we believe, more faithful to their duties than clergymen. Be they Catholic or Protestant, they desire to serve the Church and the community to the full extent of their powers. Their work, like a woman's work, is never done. They remain with the doctor in the fever-smitten cities of the South. They are the almoners of wise and tender charities to those who have upon them no claims but those of a common humanity. Even their seasons of recreation are taken as much for the sake of the success of their work as for their own enjoyment, and all the advantages of their vacation accrue more to the Church than to themselves.

THE ESCAPE OF ENO.

THE refusal of the Canadian Court to surrender the fraudulent Bank President Eno under the Ashburton Treaty may be sound in law, but for all that it is regretted by every right-minded citizen. Eno is unquestionably guilty of gigantic frauds, for which he deserves to spend a long period of time in prison; and yet, if he had been a philanthropist or saint, pursued and persecuted on account of phenomenal virtues, the Quebec Court could scarcely have protected him with more zeal.

It sometimes seems as if laws and treaties were framed rather to secure immunity for criminals than to aid in their conviction and punishment. The pretense of Judge Caron in this case is that Eno's offenses are of a kind for which he is not extraditable; that they do not bear in Canadian law the odious names attached to them in the United States, but are of a minor sort, not included in the Ashburton Treaty. If this is so, then Great Britain and the United States should hasten to amend the treaty and make it comprehensive enough and strong enough to hold such rascals as Eno. It is a disgrace to English and American civilization that a man guilty of frauds that tend to undermine the very foundations of trade and

commerce should find immunity in either country for his crimes. Surely, if the representatives of these two nations were to hold a conference upon this subject of the extradition of criminals, they could not fail to agree upon a plan that would make the protection of such rogues by one or the other an impossibility. On every principle of international morality and comity, if we are to have extradition laws at all, they should apply to such offenders as Eno. The favor shown to this man by conspicuous and influential Canadians, and the rejoicings that followed his liberation, seem to imply a very low state of public sentiment in that country. In truth, there is need here as well as there of a stronger public abhorrence and a surer punishment of such crimes as those committed by Eno. When such men are able to secure immunity through the technicalities of treaties and statutes, or the favor of magistrates, there is rottenness in the very foundations on which the safety of society depends.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

AS to whether M. de Lesseps will be able to carry through this gigantic enterprise is the question once more under discussion, *apropos* of some recent revelations as to the present position of the work. When, in 1880, he organized his company, and commenced operations, he estimated the cost of the necessary removal of 87,000,000 cubic metres of earth at \$120,000,000, and the time needed for the work at eight years. As was to be expected, the first calculations have proved in part inaccurate, and unexpected difficulties and delays have been encountered, though none are as great as those he overcame at Suez. Along the route, extending over a distance of fifty miles from Aspinwall to Panama, such serious obstacles as high hills and streams, which at times became torrents, have interfered with the carrying out of the plans as originally outlined. For a tide-level canal—found impracticable from the fact that the tide falls at Aspinwall sixteen inches, while at Panama it drops from eighteen to twenty-six feet—it has been necessary to substitute a system of locks and basins, within three miles of Panama, at an additional estimated cost of \$100,000,000.

In October, 1883, when 10,000 men were engaged on the work, the engineers had removed, after a lapse of two and a half years, only 2,500,000 cubic metres of earth, and in May, 1884, this amount had grown to 4,555,034, and at this latter date they claimed to have 798 officers and 11,328 men in their pay, while the company's contractors had an additional 3,846, or a total of 15,972 men and officers on the ground—certainly a very costly army of workers, and all the more so from its frequent depletion by yellow fever. The engineers promise that the labor will soon grow easier, and that from December, 1884, at least 4,000,000 cubic metres of earth will be removed monthly. At present 25,000,000 cubic metres are under contract, and the most improved instruments and appliances are ready along the various points of the route for the entire completion of the canal.

One-half of the cost, as originally estimated, has been expended. Of the work, only one-twentieth part has been done; the original cost has already been doubled in the estimates, and, in reality, will be still further increased, and yet M. de Lesseps is firm in his faith that the canal will be opened on time, even to the day and hour. He is reported to have recently remarked in Paris: "The canal will be opened in 1888, and I will be there to go through with the first steamer." Undoubtedly this confidence in himself gives him a great advantage in the face of difficulties, but it will scarcely be sufficient to carry him through should the confidence of capital be lost at any time in the future, either from the miscarriage of his present plans or from any other cause.

FRESH AIR FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE great steamships sail majestically from the piers, their decks crowded with gay voyagers starting for their holiday abroad; the sparkling waters of the bay are dotted with the lesser craft that bear thousands of excursionists to and from the silvery sands of the sea beaches; and the railway stations resound with the merry laughter, the farewells and the greetings, of those who flee to the mountains, or go to dream away the long sultry Summer days in calm rural retreats.

"The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing towards the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free."

Not the rosy-cheeked and prettily dressed children of well-to-do parents, but the thousands of puny little ones who are born and who dwell all the year round in the back streets of great cities—the slums—the soul-sickening tenement districts, which the average respectable citizen has perhaps heard of, but never visited. Yet even these poor mites of humanity are not entirely neglected. A few noble-hearted men and angelic women make it their work every Summer to send into the country, often for two or three weeks at a time, as many as possible of the most wretched of the children of the poor in New York city. Kind families are sought out in the small towns of New York, Pennsylvania and Connecticut, who are willing to take these children temporarily. The latter are

gathered, with the assistance of various charitable organizations and church missions, and distributed among the different homes. In one day last week 1,100 were thus sent out under suitable superintendence. Only a small proportion of the countless swarms of children can be taken; but for these, what a glorious event is the "fresh air" outing! What a blessed, healthful change of atmosphere, physical and moral! Many there are who in all their lives have never been beyond their native brick walls, squalid rooms, and reeking pavements. They inquire wonderingly, "What a brook is?" and go wild with delight at the sight of a real growing cabbage! To see a party of these children, sometimes several hundred strong, with their pale, eager faces and their poor ragged clothes newly washed and "fixed up" for the occasion, starting for the country, under the auspices of the "Tribune Fresh Air Fund" organization or the St. John's Guild, is one of the most beautiful and touching sights of all the Summer. How doubly beautiful is it to those who have given of their means to the lovely charity! And commend us to those good farmers who have simply and practically taken to heart the words of the Master: "Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me."

THE EXTRAORDINARY SCANDAL IN DUBLIN.

THE trials arising out of the action for libel taken by Mr. Cornwall, Secretary of the General Post Office of Ireland, against Mr. O'Brien, M. P., editor of *United Ireland*, promise to be as sensational as any trials ever heard in a court of justice.

Some time ago Mr. O'Brien obtained information of the existence in Dublin of a gang of men leagued for the purpose of committing unnatural offenses; and, having reason to believe that several officials of the Irish Government were members of this gang, he employed Merklejohn, the well-known English detective, to investigate the matter. The information thus procured Mr. O'Brien offered to the Government if they would prosecute the offending parties; but the Government, it appears, treated this proposal with contempt, and retained the implicated officials in their places. Mr. O'Brien thereupon made the charges openly in his newspaper. Three actions for libel were taken against him. One was dropped. The second has just been decided in Mr. O'Brien's favor, the evidence he produced being of the most overwhelming and extraordinary character. Several young men, described as of the best families in Dublin, testified to the fact that the official circles in Dublin society—that is to say, the Anglo-Irish and "Castle" circles—are impregnated with an immorality which brought down on Solomon and Gomorrah the fire of Heaven. The scandal is beyond all proportion greater than that exposed by the famous Bolton and Parkes case in London some years ago.

As a result of the evidence obtained by Mr. O'Brien's detectives, the Government has now arrested several officials and prominent citizens, amongst them the plaintiff in the libel suit, and will submit them to trial in the criminal courts. Several members of the gang, which included a number of officers of the military garrison, fled before they could be arrested.

Truly the English officials who are sent to govern the Irish people are strange examples of public purity. One of these moral lepers is the Secretary of the General Post Office—the Irish equivalent to the Postmaster-general of the United States. Another is chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Dublin Castle. The plaintiff in the third action against Mr. O'Brien is the principal Crown Prosecutor of Ireland, the official who had the supreme management of the Government case in such trials as that of the Invincibles.

These revelations will add a fresh zest to the Irish hatred of "Castle Government"; while they certainly give outsiders a new light as to the grievance Irish Nationalists most loudly complain of—namely, that the administration of Ireland's affairs is taken out of the hands of her own people and handed over to foreigners of the stamp of those who are now awaiting trial for offenses that St. Paul says should not be named among Christian men.

PROGRESS OF THE DOMINION.

CANADIANS have been referring lately with some pride to the great progress made by their country since the union of the various provinces of British North America in 1868. At that time the population was but 3,500,000, and now it is nearly 5,000,000; but so great is the extent of territory and so sparsely is it settled, that it would require an addition of 3,000,000 to the number of its inhabitants to secure two persons to the square mile. Since confederation the growth in financial resources has been very great. In 1868 the banks had a paid-up capital of \$31,000,000; now their capital is \$61,000,000; and deposits which were then \$34,000,000 now amount to \$97,000,000. The aggregate of trade was \$131,000,000 in 1868; now it is double that sum; and such has been the effect of the national policy of protection, that the export of manufactures has also been doubled since its adoption a few years ago. At the period of confederation \$2,000,000 of the people's money were in Government savings banks; now the money so deposited is over \$37,000,000. The mileage of the railways, which now amounts to 9,650, has been quadrupled since the

Dominion Government was first organized, and there is now invested in railways a capital of over \$500,000,000.

Such a degree of progress during sixteen years speaks well for the enterprise of the people of Canada. However a protective tariff may be viewed from the standpoint of political ethics, it cannot be denied that the effect of the adoption of such a system in the adjoining country has been most beneficent.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

IT looks as though the British Lords and the Ministry intended to fight out the issue upon the Franchise Bill. The Earl of Wemyss last week submitted his motion that the House proceed to consider the Franchise Bill, provided the Government would undertake to present, at the Autumn session, a Bill for the redistribution of seats in the House of Commons. Lord Shaftesbury seconded the motion, but it was lost by a vote of 182 to 132. This attitude of the Peers means, then, that they will not have anything that looks like a compromise. In consequence of Lord Randolph Churchill's supporting the plan for a consideration of the Bill, it is said that the ultras in the National Conservative Union are making a movement to have him displaced from the chairmanship. Whether or not Mr. Gladstone anticipated encountering such a bold front as the Tories and the Peers have shown, his confidence in his programme remains, to all appearance, complete. In the meantime, radical demonstrations calculated to awe the House of Lords are vigorously going on. The trades committee organized a gigantic parade in connection with the recent Hyde Park demonstration, and the majority of the workshops in London were closed in sympathy with it. There can be no doubt that popular enthusiasm over the movement threatening the House of Lords is at high pressure.

China is endeavoring to temporize with France. The Pekin Government finds difficulty in deciding upon the French ultimatum of yielding to the indemnity demands or being bombarded, and Admiral Courbet is prepared, if necessary, to make a second Alexandria of Shanghai. This could be accomplished without any special risk on the part of the French, for the Chinese coasts are defenseless. It is officially announced that China has given France the first measure of satisfaction. A dispatch from Pekin says that the Chinese *Imperial Gazette* of the 16th instant published a decree in accordance with the terms of the Convention of May 11th. In this decree the Emperor orders the Chinese troops to evacuate Lao-ki, Lang-son and Cao-bang, and to withdraw to this side of the passes leading to Yun-nan, Kwang-ton and Kwang-si. The evacuation is to be completed within a month. The appearance of the French fleet in Chinese waters has had the effect of strengthening the peace party at Pekin. The question of granting the indemnity demanded by France is being discussed. Sensationalists in Paris affect to believe that the courage of China is due to the hope of European support, and it is rumored that permission has been granted to two Chinese men-of-war in German harbors to leave for China under the German flag, and commanded by German captains.

During the celebration of the French National *fi*le in Paris, which the cholera panic does not appear to have affected in any appreciable degree, some members of the Alsatian societies of the city, assisted by the *gamins*, tore down and burned the German flags displayed at the Hôtel Continental, and broke some of the windows. The provocation is said to have been an insult offered to the French flag by a German in front of the Strasbourg statue in the Place de la Concorde. Prime Minister Ferry explained the matter to Prince Bismarck, and has received a satisfactory reply, so that as a matter for warlike recriminations the incident has entirely missed fire.

We have elsewhere commented upon the cholera situation in France. At the latest dates, the deaths at Toulon averaged some forty daily, while at Marseilles the mortality was much greater. The Academy of Sciences has declared that the disinfection process is inefficacious and illusory, and urged the establishment of cholera hospitals at all large railway stations. Tourists are very generally avoiding southern France and Italy, and the health resorts will soon be depopulated. The Government has made an appropriation for the relief of cholera sufferers and the suppression of the contagion.

The situation in the Soudan is substantially unchanged. The citizens of Dongola have asked that troops be sent to their assistance, and trusted officers have gone thither to learn the true position of the local governor. The task of evacuating East Soudan has been intrusted to Colonel Mason.—The Emperor of Morocco has sent an envoy to the Mahdi, hoping to obtain General Gordon's release from Khartoum.—Fresh Nihilist plots have been discovered, including one to blow up the palace at Warsaw during the stay there of the Czar. A number of arrests have been made.

THE New York *Sun* expresses the undoubted conviction of very many people when it suggests that the order of the Democratic ticket ought to be reversed. We quote:

"Perhaps our readers have sometimes observed the words: 'Read down' on one side of a railroad time-table, and 'Read up' on the other. When they heard that the Democratic ticket was, for President, Grover Cleveland, of New York; for Vice-President, Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, no doubt many of them thought the bottom log should be on top, and that the ticket ought to be 'read up.' Mr. Hendricks must have felt so himself, and Mr. Cleveland could not reasonably find fault with him if he did."

THERE seems to be no ground for the statement that Mr. Blaine will "take the stump" in behalf of his own election. His friends insist that there are no exigencies requiring a course so unusual, nor is there likely to arise a condition of circumstances which would justify a violation of the proprieties in this particular. Possibly Mr. Blaine may have occasion to visit some of the States during the progress of the campaign, for other than political purposes, and there is no reason why he should not be just as free to come and go as any other citizen; but any concerted "swinging round the circle," like that in which Mr. Greeley indulged in 1872, would quite certainly affect his candidacy unfavorably in the quarter where he seems most to need reinforcements.

THE Austrian authorities are less tolerant of Mormon proselytizing than those of this country. Here the champions of polygamy are permitted to defy the laws and preach their abominable doctrines with entire impunity; but in Vienna the police have been ordered to arrest all Mormon missionaries detected in the act of endeavoring to secure converts to their faith, and the prompt issue of warrants for the apprehension of certain offenders shows that the Government is thoroughly in earnest in the stand it has taken. If all foreign Governments would unite in a similar policy, the door would be more or less effectually closed to the recruiting sergeants, or so-called missionaries, upon whose labors the acquisition of recruits for the church so largely depends, and the solution of the

question which has so long vexed our statesmanship would certainly be rendered more easy. But, then, we can scarcely expect that foreign Governments will do for us what we have failed to do ourselves. Having trifled with this grave question from the start, we must take the consequences of our neglect and cowardice, and make no complaint if the world shall withhold its sympathy when these consequences become seriously calamitous.

THE Republican "Independents" seem to "mean business." Under the direction of the New York and Boston committees, organizations of the disaffected are forming in several States, and a vigorous effort will be made to concentrate the solid Independent vote in favor of Cleveland and Hendricks. In taking this course, a good many of the leading malcontents are exposing themselves to sharp and deserved criticism on the score of inconsistency and indifference to principle, and it may be doubted whether, after the struggle is over, they will contemplate their action with anything like the satisfaction they now profess to feel. As an offset to this Independent defection, the Blaine column is receiving large accessions from the ranks of the Irish and the workingmen, and it looks very much as if, so far, the account was pretty evenly balanced between the two.

OUR foreign sugar trade, so long in such a depressed condition, now happily gives promise of regaining its former activity. The onerous taxes in Cuba have had much to do with the embarrassments of some of the planters there; Spain has enacted the *role* of a leech to that unhappy island till its material resources seem well-nigh exhausted. She has had to contend against the increasing crops of beet-root sugar in Europe, and has even dispatched her sugar-laden ships to ports that had no need of her products. Her tobacco trade is being interfered with in various ways, and perhaps not the least disturbing element in this particular is the increasing importance of the tobacco culture in Sumatra, whence we now annually import increasing quantities of a very superior leaf. With a better government in Cuba, its products could be raised more cheaply and the result would necessarily inure to the benefit of this country; but there does not appear to be much ground for anticipating any very speedy transfer of the island from the control of the Power which has brought it to its present straits.

A CHEERFUL and altogether interesting visitor is promised us from the Pacific Coast. A Dr. O'Donnell, who seems to imagine that he has a call to enlighten this dark and beclouded portion of the continent, proposes to make a tour Eastward from San Francisco as a lecturer on the evils of Coolie immigration, and by way of emphasizing his arguments will exhibit a couple of unfortunate lepers whom he has secured for the purpose, and who are to be transported in a box-car arranged for their accommodation. In further elucidation of his theme, this benignant and philanthropic gentleman will employ photographic exhibits of lepers, evidently supposing that the more he can pile up the horrors the more attractive his show will become. He announces that he will visit St. Louis, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. In Brooklyn he "hopes to speak in front of Plymouth Church," but why in that particular spot more than in any other he does not venture to say. With a fine sarcasm, he adds that he proposes "to leave his lepers in Washington," after he is done with them, "for the benefit of Eastern Congressmen," and this, perhaps, is after all only a natural conclusion. If there is any place in the country where a leper ought to feel perfectly at home, and where his presence would not increase the need of thorough sanitation, it is the Federal Capital.

THE "Tool-house Association," about to be established in connection with the boys' department of the Gramercy Park School, in New York city, is an educational project which is quite novel in this country. Its members are to be boys and young men, and its purpose is to establish a course of study and practical experiment with a view, first, to the development of correct physical perceptions and the education of eye and hand; second, to the culture of mechanical taste and the cultivation of a pleasant acquaintance with the natural sciences; third, to the education of young men engaged in business in the scientific and experimental features of their calling. Mr. G. von Taube, the Principal of the Boys' Department of the Gramercy Park School, who is the founder of the Tool-house project, together with his associate, M. Alexander de Bottari, proposes to fit up an entire building for the use of the association. There will be a complete gymnasium and fencing-hall, lecture rooms, art department and *atelier*, comprising outfit and facilities for instruction in art with industrial applications, and series of tool-houses, with outfits for instruction in the use of mechanical and laboratory appliances and tools. Skilled teachers, including regular mechanics, are to be employed in all the departments, while the discipline, order and management of the concern are to be regulated by the young members themselves. This rational and practical scheme for the training of future men of business and society has been very successful abroad, and doubtless will come into wide favor here, founded as it is on the sound and sensible principle that young workmen should have good tools.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

COLONEL CONGER, Superintendent of Yellowstone Park, has been asked by the Secretary of the Interior to resign.

THE Kansas Republicans have nominated John A. Martin for Governor and Albert H. Horton for Chief Justice.

Two Post Office Department clerks, charged with negligence, have been reduced by the Postmaster-general to a lower grade of pay.

THE Chinese Minister at Washington, with several *attachés* of the Legation, will sail this week for Peru, where they go to establish a Chinese Consulate.

It is said that Mr. Blaine is busily at work on the second volume of his "Twenty Years in Congress." He has formally accepted the nomination for the Presidency in a letter of characteristic force.

THE Baltimore and Ohio, the Bankers and Merchants', and the Postal Telegraph Companies enter into a pooling agreement for twenty-five years, under which these three rivals of the Western Union will be consolidated into one great enterprise. The consolidated lines control more than 16,000 miles of pole lines and 120,000 miles of wire, connecting all of the principal cities east of the Missouri River and southward as far as Galveston, Texas. The entire consolidated system will be operated in connection with the Bennett-Mackay ocean cables.

FOREIGN.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT will remain in Ireland until the Parliamentary elections have been held.

THE Chinese Government has taken measures to assure the safety of Chinese merchant vessels in the event of war with France.

TWENTY-FIVE persons were killed and forty injured by the falling of an express train through a bridge on the Manchester and Sheffield Railway, England, on the 16th instant.

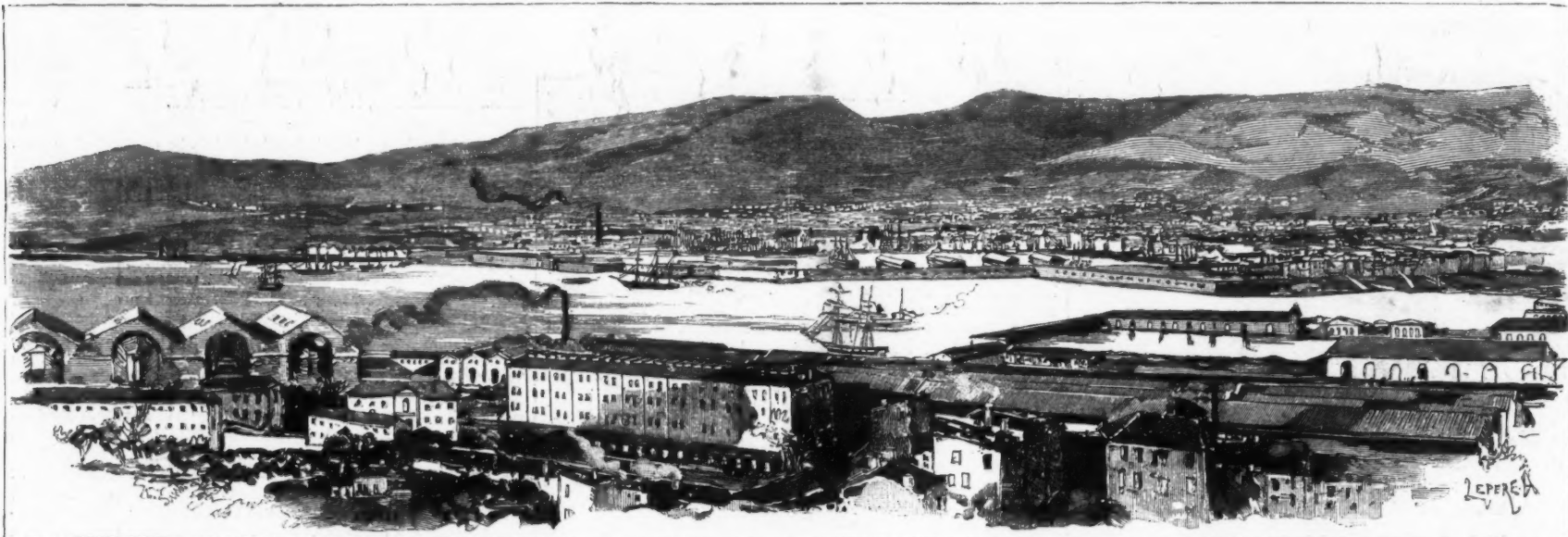
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 359.



FRANCE.—THE CHOLERA QUARANTINE AT MARSEILLES.—A MARINE OFFICER INTERVIEWING HIS FAMILY AT THE HEALTH OFFICE.



THE SUCCESSION IN HOLLAND.—QUEEN EMMA AND THE YOUNG PRINCESS WILHELMINE, HEIR TO THE THRONE.



FRANCE.—GENERAL VIEW OF TOULON, WHERE THE CHOLERA FIRST APPEARED, FROM THE MOURILLON DOCKS.



1. Count Münster (Germany). 2. Musurus Pasha (Turkey). 3. Earl Granville (Great Britain). 4. Count Nigra (Italy).
5. M. Waddington (France). 6. M. De Staal (Russia). 7. Mr. Childers (Great Britain). 8. Count Karolyi (Austria).
GREAT BRITAIN.—PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE MEMBERS OF THE EUROPEAN CONFERENCE, NOW IN SESSION IN LONDON.



SAN SALVADOR.—SENOR D. RAFAEL ZALDIVAR
PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GOVERNOR CLEVELAND.

THE Democratic candidate for President, Stephen Grover Cleveland, was born in Caldwell, N. J., where his father was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church for a period of six years and a half. The father appears to have been an effective preacher, the church records showing that during his ministry one hundred and nine persons were added to its membership. These records include also the following entry:

"BAPTIZED.—July 1st, 1837, Stephen Grover Cleveland, born March 18th, 1837, son of Richard F. and Anna Cleveland."

healthful, lying in the midst of a rich farming country. It is distant less than twenty miles from the City of New York, and six or seven from the City of Newark.

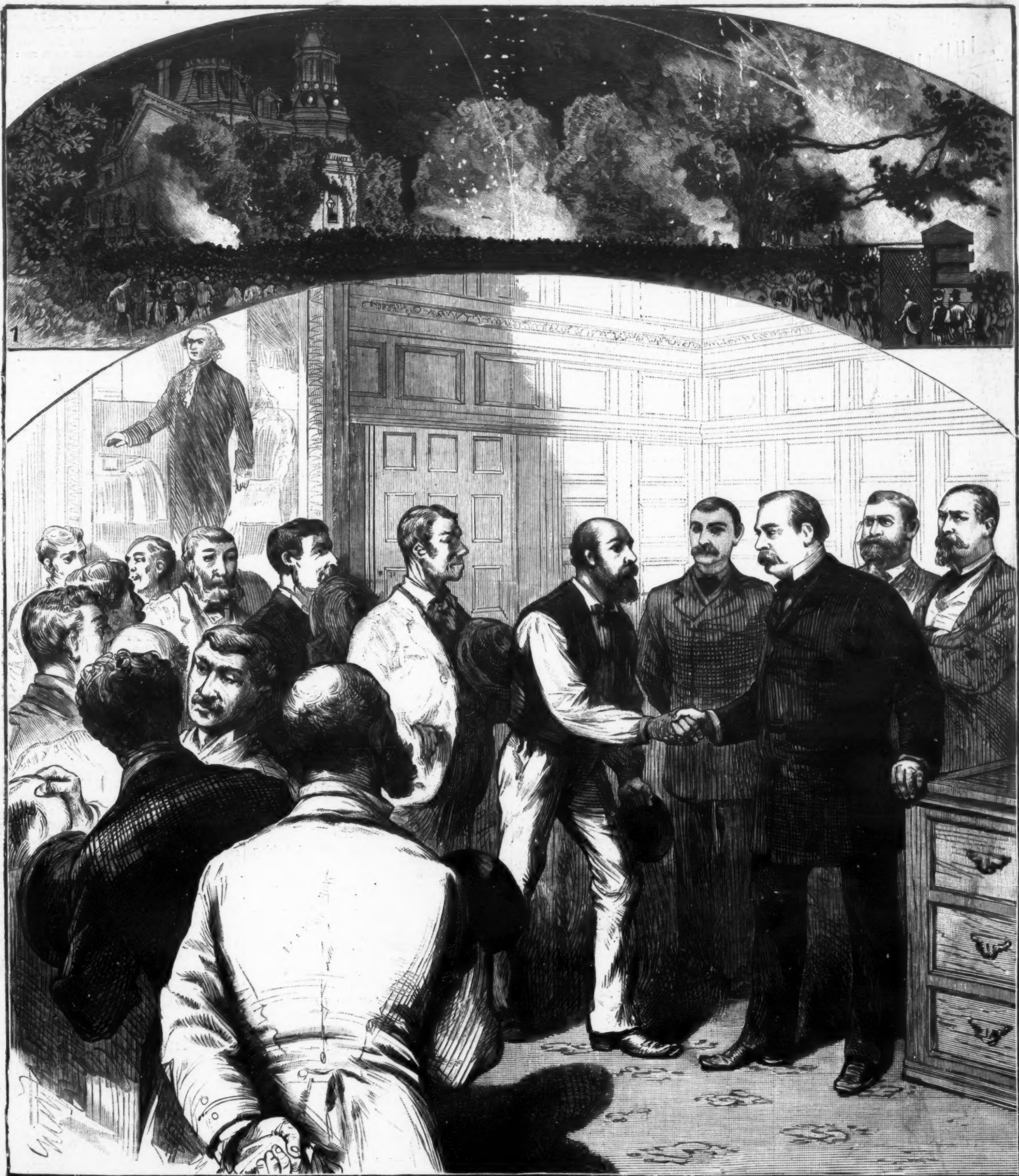
We give illustrations of Mr. Cleveland's birthplace, and also of the scenes at Albany on the announcement of his nomination. At the moment when the news was received the Governor was at work in the Executive Chamber of the Capitol, and when waited upon by his friends, received their congratulations with few evidences of excitement. Among those who called were a number of working-men, who expressed their satisfaction at the Governor's selection as the Democratic standard-bearer, and these were followed by groups of

election. In acknowledging the honor done him, Governor Cleveland referred to the evils of Republican rule and the necessity for a change of administration. Subsequently he received in the wide hall of the house the crowd of people of all ages and conditions who poured in to shake hands and tender congratulations. It was more than two hours before the steady stream of visitors ceased.

DISINFECTING NEW YORK CITY.

THE New York City Health Department is displaying commendable activity in providing sanitary precautions against the cholera and other

the acid in the disinfectant. The disinfectant is in acid form, and is carried from the tanks to the spot where it is needed either in three-quart copper dippers or in ten-quart copper pails. It is manufactured under the auspices of the Board in the yard of No. 149 Worth Street—the process being exceedingly simple. On a platform six feet high stand three wooden tanks. Two are smaller than the third, which has a capacity of 2,750 gallons. The liquid is made from crystals of proto-sulphate of iron, which are sent to the yard in barrels from the wholesale druggists. Two men only are needed to manufacture the disinfectant. Green vitriol, as the proto-sulphate of iron is sometimes called, is a salt employed in dyeing, tanning, and the mann-



1. SCENE AT THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION. 2. THE GOVERNOR RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF HIS FRIENDS IN THE EXECUTIVE CHAMBER.

NEW YORK.—DEMONSTRATIONS AT THE STATE CAPITAL ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF GOVERNOR CLEVELAND'S NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT, JULY 11TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.

The house in which the Democratic nominee was born is a two story and a half frame structure, with a front porch and low windows, situated on the main village street, and pleasantly surrounded by shade trees. The front door opens into a spacious hall, and the rooms on each side of it are cozy and comfortable. The ceilings are low. The doors are very wide, and the whole place savors of antiquity. It is still occupied as a parsonage, the Rev. C. T. Berry, the present pastor of the church, having his library in the room where Mr. Cleveland was born. The village itself is attractive and

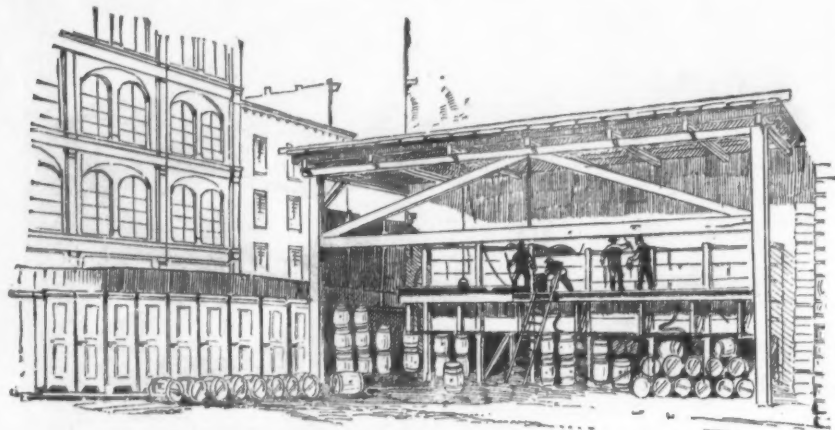
ladies, who evidently thought none the less of the Executive because he is still a bachelor. In the evening there was a great demonstration, the Young Men's Democratic Club and Jacksonians, followed by several thousand people, marching to the Governor's residence amid a blaze of fireworks and indulging in every manifestation of rejoicing. The lawn in front of the mansion was soon crowded, and the Governor, responding to the cheers of the multitude, appeared on the lower porch, where he was addressed by James B. Tracey, president of the club, who pledged their best efforts for his

epidemic diseases. Within the last fortnight it has put into operation a complete system of disinfection, a special corps having been assigned for the important duty of purifying the vaults, alleyways and gutters of the city. The disinfectant is distributed from tanks on wheels, some of which are drawn by two horses each, and some by one horse. The tanks are of wood, hooped with iron bands, and were recently made for the Health Department. Each of three of the tanks holds 150 gallons, and five hold 250 gallons each. They are painted yellow with a preparation which resists

facture of ink and Prussian blue. The two small tanks are kept filled with the green crystals. Pure water flows into one, and, after it has filtered through and partly dissolved the green crystals, it is drawn into the other small tank by means of a rubber tube, and, after running through the crystals in the second tank, is drawn into the large tank, which is simply a storage reservoir.

The disinfectant is an acid which attacks and destroys whatever it falls upon. The liquor is colorless, and without odor. When the water evaporates where it has splashed on the sidewalk,

there is left a whitish blot. The men engaged in the distribution are required to stop at every house and announce their errand. In case any objection is made to their entering, they are instructed not to insist, except when it is evidently their duty to force their way, as in an unclean neighborhood or a house overrun with squalid tenants. If puddles of dirty water are found standing anywhere in yards or alleyways they are flooded with bucketfuls of disinfectant, and if foul-smelling rubbish is discovered in corners it is ordered to be taken away. In vaults the walls are plentifully doused with the liquid. So far, in the tenement-house districts, the corps, with shining copper dippers, have been uniformly welcomed, but in the quiet streets householders sometimes object to having their peace disturbed. It would perhaps be advantageous to the public health if the visitation should be made mandatory in these as well as in more unsavory districts.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE BOARD OF HEALTH DEPOT OF DISINFECTANTS AT 149 WORTH STREET.

In some of the densely populated localities crowds frequently collect to watch the movements of the distributors. Every week-day for the next eight weeks the tanks and men will continue to go their rounds.

While this work of disinfection is going on, the members of the Summer corps of visiting physicians and the fruit inspectors are also at work. The physicians are required to report immediately all cases of contagious disease discovered, whether the patients are under treatment or not, with name, age and residence of the patient. The duties of this service are not limited to tenement-houses, but extend to all dwellings occupied by the poor, and in view of the possible advent of cholera special attention is required to be paid to shanty neighborhoods in unsewered portions of the city, where excreta are deposited in shallow vaults or upon the surface of the ground, and where the water supply is from springs or surface wells.

A MEMORY.

SUN in my lattice and sun on the sea
(O but the sun is fair),
And a sky of blue and a sea of green
And a ship with a white, white sail between,
And a light wind blowing free,
And back from the stern, and forth from the land
The last farewell of a waving hand.

Mist on the window and mist on the sea
(O but the mist is gray),
And the weird, tall shape of a spectral mast
Gleams out of the fog like a ghost of my past,
And the old hope stirs in me—
The old, old hope that warred with doubt,
While the years with the tides surged in and out.

Rain on my window and rain on the sea
(O but the rain is sad),
And only the dreams of a vanished bark
And a vanished youth shine through the dark,
And torture the night and me?
But somewhere, I think, near some fair strand,
That lost ship lies, with its waving hand.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A STRANGE STORY.

"JACK!" "Well?" "That is a pretty little island down off Hamish." "Y-e-s." "Just the spot to while away a few days this abominable weather."

"Y-e-s, but you see I have to go to Hale." "The—" It was abominable weather; it was to me an effort to draw the words, but Penraven was crisp enough. "I—I beg your pardon," he broke off; "the fact is, I am disappointed, Jack. How long will it take you to go to Hale and back?"

"I was not in a laughing mood, but, despite me, a laugh broke from my lips."

"That depends, Pen—that depends. It is easy enough to go to Hale, but the getting back—rather the way I may come back—is what troubles me just now. But you can judge, Penraven."

I pulled the odious scrap of paper from my pocket, and tossed it over to him.

"MY DEAR JACK—Mabel Grant is again at Hale. For the last time I beg you to go and call on her. You are not obliged to make love to her; though if you only could—Jack, think of a steady million and a girl like Mabel Grant!" "By-the-way, I hear she caught a glimpse of you at Hamish, and went mad in love with you. Oh, Jack—Jack! But this is the last, the very last, from your still hopeful sister, RAY."

He read it, he dropped it, and he sat and looked at me.

"I suppose I am in for it, Pen. If I really believed this note the last of Ray, I would not take a step to Hale. But I know it as one simply of a series I have received regularly for a month past. I will receive to-morrow, for ever, so long as Mabel Grant is a single woman. And now she has seen me fall in love with me—"

"She—"

That other word burst suddenly from Dick Pen-

raven's lips with a force to make me start and stare in my hardest fashion.

"Why, what on earth has got into you, Pen? You are little like the man—"

But the odd look in his face changed suddenly to a smile. In his old, jaunty way he interrupted me:

"The old fellow, I should say, Jack. But it was quite too much for me—the thought of your marrying Mabel Grant."

"And why?"

"Such a fellow as you to marry Mabel Grant."

"And why? You know her? What on earth are you driving at?" I could only jerk the words and stare at him.

"Why? You do not know her, that is evident."

I will cast you her photograph. A girl—a blonde they call her—yes, a decided blonde; for her eyes are the palest of china blue, bulging saucers on the grandest scale; her hair flaxy-frizzly, almost the tint of her skin, where the thick-sown freckles will let it show. Add to this her nose, midway 'twixt point and pug; her thick waist, her lengthy fingers—but surely, Jack, it is enough. I should dislike to see you the husband of such a girl. Come, give over this business, and go with me to Islet."

I regarded him a moment, silent. He was a disappointed boy, I knew; I knew to what lengths such a thing might drive him—to what a length! The words flashed back to me, and I laughed. Yet the serious, earnest look on Dick Penraven's face forbade a doubt; I did not doubt—though, oddly, that same moment I made up my mind.

"No; I shall go down to Hale," I said.

"After this?"

"Yes. To satisfy Ray and have it over. Of course, I shall not love her, Pen. But good-by; I'm off at once."

"Yes; but Jack—"

I laughed again; Dick Penraven's protesting voice was lost in the hearty peals brought of his description as I walked away. "If you only could?" They came again as Ray's words flashed back; altogether there was truth in it, I thought.

I was beginning to take a strange interest in Mabel Grant. It had been my year-long desire to fall in love unthinkingly, naturally, as was my notion of that thing. Until this I had resisted the many crafty machinations of my more practically-minded sister; until this, secretly unto my odd hope, I had resisted womankind. And—I had not fallen in love; I was twenty-eight years old next birthday, and I was not yet in love. But, altogether, I was beginning to take a strange interest in this girl—a sudden fascinating desire to see her which I had never felt to see a girl before. Could it be I was to fall in love with her? The question came to me as I left the cars at the little station, and walked on to Mabel Grant. With it—the picture. It was not a pleasant one, but fate was fate, and stranger things had chanced. I did not laugh again; I could not help a very shudder as I stepped upon the pretty vine-clad porch at Hale, and rang my entrance to her.

"Miss Grant?"

"Yes."

I had a fancy I would find Dick at Islet, so I took the night-boat thither. I must find him, at all events; some way speedily I must be revenged on him for the grim trick he had played, and—other things. For that was a pretty, dark-eyed girl who had come down to me that day at Hale to be stared at as my astonished eyes had never stared at girl before.

"Miss Grant?"

"Yes; and you, I presume, are Mrs. Geoffrey Godley's brother. I have heard a great deal of you from Mrs. Geoffrey, and—I am very happy to meet you, Mr. Dare."

"A pretty girl, but I did not fall in love with her; after that first moment of amazement, she was as other girls to me. Worse, I scarce heard what she said; I barely looked at her; as quickly as decency would permit I went away. I had but one set of sensations as I walked back to the train; odd things—growing grief, bitterness for the loss of Mabel Grant, wild longing for the saucer eyes, the flaxy-frizzly locks, the sum total of that unpleasant picture at which—fate and I had laughed. It grew a fascination; for the first, myth as it were, it moved a passion in my soul which made me mad for it."

A thought quickly joined thereto—the thought of Dick Penraven. It was his joke; to this state he had brought me; in some way I must be revenged on him.

How?

It was a little sail to Islet, but every moment I

sat and pondered the momentous question, and, for all my abstraction, casting frequent glances at the fair girl sitting near me, seemingly, like me, lost in dreams. She interested me, despite it; she grew to me, oddly—the more each moment—a beautiful Mabel Grant, if such a thing might be.

"She—"

There had come no plan to me, no light, till, with the sharp grating of the boat in the dock at Islet, two words flashed to tell me all, to give me all the maddest man could ask to thwart a foe. It was so plain. I laughed gleefully as I followed my beautiful Mabel Grant up the quay. Pen was in love with the pretty girl; through fear, through jealousy, to dissuade me from seeking her, he had invented his little tale. It was no wonder, in my mood, I laughed, under the sudden delighted fancy that I could make the pretty girl in love with me. I could do it, I would; I would go back and spare no time, no pains, till I had revenged myself on Dick Penraven and made Mabel Grant my wife.

It was a little matter to be a fool upon, but I was till now an unstirred soul. The bells of Islet were striking ten as involuntarily I turned upon the wharf. I would go immediately back to town, to Hale, the first thing on the morrow, but, unfortunately, the route from Islet left me out in its provisions—there was no boat till morning; there was naught but to walk back to the little inn on the crest above.

Light brought no calmer mood. Early I was astir, and rushed down the cliff in a most disordered state of toilet at the warning whistle of a boat, which left even earlier than I thought. But it chanced there was a curve, and it chanced that, darting round it, I came upon a white-robed creature with such force as to dash the flowers she had been plucking from out her hands. I knew her at a glance; it was—my beautiful Mabel Grant. But that fantasy I had quite forgotten; even for courtesy I did not care. I was making a mad plunge past her, when the sudden view of the steamer gliding serenely out of the dock brought me to a frowning standstill.

She raised her soft, pretty eyes to mine.

"I am so sorry; you have lost your boat."

The voice was like them; it shamed me down at once.

"Oh, not at all, not at all—isn't of the slightest consequence," I stammered, starting eagerly for the scattered flowers. "You live about Islet, miss?"

It was unintentionally impudent; it was absurd; but the white-robed creature only smiled.

"We took a cottage here only yesterday. I am out early, perhaps, you think; but I am on my way to meet Cousin Nell, who comes down by the first boat this morning."

"Oh!" I scarcely know what I answered; there was a strange feeling coming over me as I placed the last flower in her pretty hand, and unthinkingly walked along beside her.

"Bulging saucers, flaxy-frizzly—"

There was a laugh in my heart at the unpleasant picture suddenly floating back to me—a laugh which the fair, sweet face beside me kept back from my lips. And then—I do not know how it was; it was all a mystery, a wonder, as we walked along, breaking by degrees from the beaten path as this or that bright flower won her, while I looked into her eyes and thought only how beautiful they were; to laugh again inwardly at the bulging saucers of my cherished myth—all, only, until suddenly we emerged again to see the boat just at the dock, and—a tall, boyish figure hurrying up the path to us.

"Dick!"

It was a gasp more than a word; she turned not to him, but me, with a guilty, frightened air.

"I did not think," she went on, faintly. "I never think. And I am afraid it may be all very dreadful, for Dick is so—so—"

It was a moment of amazement, of flashing revelation, as the tall figure strode up closely, and a set, angry face looked into mine.

"And, pray, may I ask what you are doing here with Mabel Grant?"

I could make no answer; I could only stare from him to her. A long minute, silently, till—a fresh vision rose beside me. I turned to see the dark eyes of that girl of yesterday smiling down at me.

"Mabel!"

"Yes; but, Nellie cousin, I do not care, I say."

"When a man resorts to such means—"

"But I tell you I do not care. I love him, and I shall marry him all the same."

I sat below the cliff at Islet hearing the talk of two above. Two weeks had passed, but I had not gone away; I had staid, employing every possible moment for the winning of the love of a girl. I loved so madly I could see no bar between. For the time had come; that startling moment of the morning it had flashed on me, to grow ere the sunset a thing of madness from which I could not be moved.

It was a sweet, simple fact; I was in love at last with Mabel Grant. It mattered not that I saw that very moment where her heart was fixed—that she was as far removed from me as though she were dead. For there was this hard fact to thwart me. That same day I went to Hale; Penraven had chanced upon her on the street, despite had made a passionate proposal, and had come down to Islet her accepted lover. But it mattered not; even the more eagerly I strove for the love of this girl I loved so madly. I could see no bar between.

I stopped at nothing. I was mean, I was contemptible, now I know; but I did not know it then, or I did not care. This was, at last, the little note I sent her:

"Her eyes the palest of china blue, bulging saucers on the grandest scale; her hair flaxy-frizzly, almost the tint of her skin where the thick-sown freckles will let it show. Add to this her nose,

'midway 'twixt point and pug; her thick waist, her lengthy fingers, etc., Miss Grant. This is what your fond lover said of you."

It was a last, desperate stroke, but surely it would touch her; no girl could stand words like these from man. So I exulted, never more madly than that moment. The coming day I sat beneath the cliff, to hear the sudden burst of voices just above me, to hear—my just punishment—that she had told him all; that she had believed his explanation, that she yet loved Dick Penraven.

"I shall marry him all the same."

It was the end; the voices died and the passing steps. The end of Mabel Grant. What that meant for me, I thought, as I sat a bit and shivered. As I rose wearily and followed, to wander far and wide through the glens of Islet, how long I know not, each moment more wearily, more desperately, till at last, unconsciously nearing the little inn upon the crest, a faint voice broke in upon me:

"Mr. Dare!"

I turned to see the pretty, dark-eyed girl who had so confused me the other day.

"I—I am so sorry," she went on, strangely; "I tried my best, but I could not help it. They have gone off to be married, Mr. Dare."

"Yes?" It was the one word I could gasp; but, despite my pain, I could but stare at the working face.

"Yes; and I tried so hard because I knew you did not want it; because—because I knew you would feel so badly, though a man is a fool, Mr. Dare, when he—when he—"

I look back often to wonder at that moment. It was certainly a very strange thing that I did; a man with an ache in his heart for one woman—one woman in the world. But here was a girl unconsciously baring her heart to me, and it grew so suddenly sweet that some one on this earth loved me—this girl at my side so suddenly an essential, I could not for the life of me have staid the words upon my lips:

"When he knows some one else loves him so! It was in your soul to say it—you know it was, Miss Grant. Would you be willing to—to forgive me, and to—marry me some day?"

She stared, she struggled a good bit, I could see, ere in that blessed way she broke down and answered, softly:

"I—I know I ought not to, Mr. Dare. I ought not, but it was all a mistake, and it was I fell in love with you that day at Hamish; I ought not—to have passed myself off as Mabel, that other day, but I could not help it, and—and—"

"And?"

It was certainly a very strange thing that I did.

"You are a fool. You could have married Mabel Grant if you had chosen, and—this is the last I shall do for you."

This was the text of the note I received from Mrs. Geoffrey Godley the morning after Penraven's wedding. A strange story; but I laughed aloud as I went down to Nell in the little parlor. I was already a very happy—fool!

THE RESCUE OF LIEUTENANT GREELY.

ON Thursday last the exciting news flashed over the wires from St. John's, Newfoundland, that the Arctic Relief Squadron, consisting of the *Thetis*, the *Bear* and the *Alert*, which sailed from New York last May under Commander W. H. Schley, to rescue Lieutenant Adolphus W. Greely and his party, had accomplished its mission. The saved are: Lieutenant Greely, Sergeant Brainard, Sergeant Fredericks, Sergeant Long, Hospital Steward Beiberbeck, and Private Connell. They were found near the mouth of Smith's Sound on the 22d of June. Sergeant Ellison was also among the survivors, but his feet and hands were so badly frozen that they had to be amputated, and he died on the way back to St. John's.

Commander Schley's story is briefly as follows: "On the 22d of June, while lying in the drift ice off Cape Sabine, in Smith's Sound, latitude 78 deg. 45 min. north, longitude 77 deg. 30 min. west, and which forms part of Ellesmere Land, we sighted signals of distress at a distance of about seven miles. It was about nine o'clock p.m., and the sun shining brightly, but bitterly cold. After considerable trouble we steamed down towards the pack ice upon which they were, and a horrible sight met our eyes. Lieutenant Greely, Brainard, Fredericks, Long, Beiberbeck, Connell and Ellison were crying like children and hugging each other frantically. They seemed frantic with joy. I put off in a cutter, and after great difficulty reached them. They flew at me, and I at first imagined they were crazy. They seized each of the men in the boat, hugged them, kissed their hands and did everything one could imagine to show their joy and gratitude. All but poor Ellison. His feet and hands were so badly frozen that he could not move. He lay still on the ground and moaned. The others of the party, also, were more or less frost-bitten, but they seemed to forget their sufferings."

Lieutenant Greely was just able to support himself on his hands and knees. He was dressed in fur, with a red knitted hood, which added to his haggard appearance. His long hair and beard, his wasted form and deep sunken eyes, which shone through his glasses with an increased brilliancy; his feeble voice, which he strove to control but which plainly revealed his feelings, brought moisture to the eyes of the strongest of the relief party. On either side of him lay two of his companions, both in a dying condition—Corporal Joseph Ellison, with both hands and feet frozen off and unable to raise his head, and Private Maurice Connell, in his sleeping-bag, dying of starvation. Greely had been reading the prayers for the dying when the party arrived. Four of the party—Sergeant Brainard, Privates Long and Fredericks and Hospital Steward Beiberbeck, were just able to stagger out of the tent. A small quantity of milk punch and ammonia strengthened the suffering, and soon beef tea and warm milk were added. All were stimulated by their rescue, and their pleadings for food were heart-rending. But all solid food was refused them, and they were carefully transported to the *Thetis* and *Bear*, and tenderly cared for.

Where were the rest of Greely's men? All dead. One by one, during the past terrible winter, they had succumbed to starvation and the bitter Arctic

winds. Five of those who died were buried in the snow, but the fierce winds that blew over the camp, also blew away their bodies, which were buried in the ice-forest near the camp. The other twelve bodies were saved, and are now on board the *Beaver*. The names of the dead recovered, with the date of death, are as follows: Sergeant Cross, January 1st, 1884; Frederick, Eskimo, April 5th; Sergeant Linn, April 6th; Lieutenant Lockwood, April 9th; Sergeant Jewell, April 12th; Private Ellis, May 19th; Sergeant Halston, May 23d; Private Whistler, May 24th; Sergeant Israel, May 27th; Sergeant Kingsbury, June 1st; Private Henry, June 6th; and Private Schneider, June 18th. The names of the dead buried in the ice-forest, with the date of death (bodies not recovered) are as follows: Sergeant Rice, April 9th, 1884; Corporal Salem, June 3d; Private Bender, June 16th; Acting Assistant Sergeant Pavy, June 6th; and Sergeant Gardner, June 12th. Drowned, while breaking through the newly formed ice while sealing, Jans Edwards, Eskimo, April 24th.

Thus it is seen that, while the relief squadron was making its final preparations, and at the very time when the vessels were sailing from New York followed by prayers and good wishes, the members of Greeley's unfortunate expedition were slowly perishing, one by one. Commander Schley says that forty-eight hours' delay in reaching them would have been fatal to all now living. The rescuers did their best, and every heart will warm at the thought that their gallant efforts have resulted in the bringing back of even a remnant of the missing party alive, instead of a repetition of the tragic history of De Long.

Lieutenant Greeley has been three years in the frozen North. He sailed from Washington June 21st, 1880, and from St. Johns July 7th, 1881, with the intention of establishing a station in Grant Land, latitude eighty-two degrees north. From this depot as a base of supplies, parties were to make explorations further north. He landed on the 12th of August, 1881, from the steamer *Proteus*, at Discovery Harbor, Lady Franklin Bay, with a party of two officers and twenty-two men—and provisions for about four years. The vessel which transported him there returned August 25th, 1881, and since then no news has been received from him till to-day. A supply expedition under Captain Beebe was sent out by the War Department in 1882, but found the entrance to Smith's Sound blocked by ice and failed to reach him. In 1884 the *Proteus* attempted it again, but was crushed in the ice at the entrance to Smith's Sound.

These failures created a decided feeling of alarm for Lieutenant Greeley's safety, and Congress voted ample funds to enable the Navy Department to fit out the expedition of 1884, which has done its work so promptly and with such brilliant success.

Greeley's retreat from the station in Lady Franklin Bay southward to Cape Sabine, where he was rescued, was a fearfully perilous one.

On August 9th, 1883, the party left Fort Conger. All were then well. The party had a steam launch, two whale boats and a dingy, all loaded with provisions. The dogs and salt provisions and salt meat were left behind. The house was closed and all the specimens were placed inside. The party followed the open water and leads, visited the different caches on the way down and replenished its stores. Most of the bread was found to be ruined. Cape Haws was reached without much difficulty. There the party was beset in the ice and drifted for thirty days. On August 28th Greeley and his men were off Cape Sabine, but they were unable to land, owing to the open water and heavy ice. Several times they were within a mile of the shore, but could not land. Not one of the party was accustomed to the management of boats. They abandoned the steam launch and one of the whale boats. The dingy was used for fuel.

On September 29th they landed on Eskimo Point, which is between Baird's Inlet and Rosse Bay. All were then well. They made their first camp at this place. After finding the Beebe cache left by the *Neptune* and the stores left by the *Proteus*, and knowing that no vessel would reach them this year, they moved their camp to the point where they were found. They prepared for the winter and sent out hunting parties, but with poor success. They hoped to reach Littleton Island when the channel froze over, but it did not freeze during the whole winter, and their boats were used as fuel. They were afraid to attempt the journey in the boats earlier in the year. They moved from Eskimo Point to Camp Clay on October 26th. In the spring their boats were burned, and they were unable to reach the provisions at Littleton Island, so that for months they slowly starved almost within sight of the stores of provisions.

At the time they were rescued their food consisted of boiled seal skin boots, cut up fine and mixed with reindeer moss, rock lichens and small shrimps and boiled into a soup. The shrimps were so small that it required from 1,200 to 1,400 to weigh an ounce. They made tea from saxifrage and Arctic willow. An occasional auk would be killed, but very few were secured when killed in the water, unless they were drifted in by the tide or wind, as they had been obliged to burn their boat, it being their only fuel. The wood of the boat was carefully weighed to make it last. The failure to secure the game after it was shot only added to their misery. It almost made them insane to see many seal, walrus, duck and gulls sporting in the sea before them while they were starving.

Fortunately, the records and instruments of Greeley's expedition are preserved, so that the knowledge gained at such a terrible cost will at least be given to science.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE CHOLERA AT MARSEILLES AND TOULON.

The first death from cholera, marking the present outbreak of the epidemic in France, occurred at Toulon, June 19th. During the month that has elapsed since that date the death-roll of victims has reached the maximum of over twenty daily. The contagion quickly spread to Marseilles, forty miles distant, and in this thickly populated seaport its ravages have been alarming, as many as sixty deaths sometimes occurring within twenty-four hours. Beyond these two cities on the Mediterranean littoral, and a few intermediate and neighboring points, the epidemic does not as yet appear to have made headway, although Dr. Koch predicts its spread throughout the greater part of the Continent. Our illustration presents a comprehensive view of Toulon and its environs, from the Mourillon dockyards. The view comprises the fine and extensive quays and floating docks for which this naval port is celebrated. Another picture represents the interview of a marine officer with his family at the quarantine office of Mar-

seilles. Iron bars divide the father from his wife and child. There can be no tender embrace, and even the pressure of hands must be guarded by a preliminary dip in the bucket of vinegar. The fumigating smoke rises in dense clouds, and pervades the scene. Not a cheerful welcome home, this; but naval officers must sacrifice all to duty. Unfortunately, all these and similar quarantine precautions did not keep the cholera out of Marseilles.

THE HOLLAND SUCCESSION.

The question of the Dutch succession, consequent upon the death of the late Prince of Orange, is just now engaging European attention. The King having no other son, the crown, in default of male issue, will descend at his death to his little daughter by his second marriage, Princess Wilhelmine Helene Pauline Marie, who is not yet four years old, having been born on August 31st, 1880. As by the Dutch Constitution a Regent must be appointed in the event of the King dying before the little Princess attains her majority, there has been much speculation as to who will be appointed Regent, and the general opinion is that the Queen is essentially the fit and proper person to be intrusted with so grave a charge. Queen Emma, who was married to King William in 1879, and who is only twenty-five years of age, is the daughter of the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and consequently sister to the Duchess of Albany. Should the Princess not live to attain her majority—eighteen years of age—the Crown, according to the present terms of the Dutch Constitution, would fall to the King's sister, Princess Sophia, now married to the Grand Duke of Saxo-Weimar Eisenach, and thus passes into semi-German hands. It is an interesting fact that the next claimant, failing Princess Sophia, is also a woman, Princess Marie of Wied, the King's cousin. Another link with Germany, moreover, will be established should King William die without male issue, for as no woman can rule in Luxemburg, the Grand Duchy must then pass from Holland to the representative of the elder branch of Orange, Duke Adolphus of Nassau. Though dispossessed by Prussia in 1866, the Duke is now reconciled to the German Empire. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that continental opinion widely credits Germany with certain occult designs upon the virtual independence of Holland, the fulfillment of which, besides other advantages, would give the empire her much-needed seaboard. A late cable dispatch says that the Dutch Cabinet has prepared a Bill making the Queen Regent if the King should die before the Princess Wilhelmine attains her majority.

THE EUROPEAN CONFERENCE.

We give elsewhere an illustration of the first meeting, held in London, of the Conference of plenipotentiaries of the Foreign Powers, for the settlement of questions relating to the financial position of Egypt. The names of the plenipotentiaries are: For Great Britain, Earl Granville, K.G., and the Right Hon. H. C. E. Childers, M.P.; Germany, Count Münster; Austria-Hungary, Count Karolyi; France, M. Waddington; Italy, Count Nigra; Russia, M. De Staal; and Turkey, Musurus Pasha. The Financial Assistants are: Great Britain, Sir E. Baring; Germany, M. Derenthal; Austria-Hungary, M. De Vetsera; France, M. De Blignieres. Tigrane Pasha and Blum Pasha attend the Conference as Financial Delegates from Egypt. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Earl Granville, received each of the Ambassadors and their assistants as they arrived in his private room at the Foreign Office, and agreeably to precedent, as the Minister in whose country the meeting was held, he subsequently assumed the presidency with the consent of the representatives of the Powers. Protocolists were then selected, after which the Ambassadors proceeded to the Conference Chamber and took up the subjects which they had been convened to consider. Mr. Gladstone announced in Parliament last week that the Financial Committee of the Conference had completed their labors and would shortly submit their report.

RAFAEL ZALDIVAR, PRESIDENT OF SAN SALVADOR.

The President of the Republic of San Salvador, Rafael Zaldivar, was born at San Alejo, in the Department of San Miguel, San Salvador, in 1834, and is now in his fifty-fifth year. He selected the career of medicine, and followed it with distinction for twenty years. In 1860 he was appointed to the Chair of Philosophy and Hygiene at the University of Guatemala, and of late years has forsaken the "olive groves of the academy" for the more stern career of politics. During the cholera visitation of 1857 and the yellow fever, Dr. Zaldivar distinguished himself by his zeal, energy, ability and fortitude. He became so prominent and so beloved in his native republic that he was elected to Congress, to the Senate and to the Presidency—to the latter in 1876. Again he was elected President in 1880, and yet again in 1884. Under his wise and useful administration public instruction advances, trade and commerce flourishes, railways are being constructed, telegraphs laid, while telephones and the electric light are now the order of the day and night. San Salvador is justly proud of her most distinguished son.

HE SWORE OFF.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions as they settled down in the smoking-car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking. I've sworn off." "What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking something's up. What is it?" "Well, boys, I will tell you. Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawn-shop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. He unwrapped it and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes—little things with the bottoms only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice. 'Where did you get these?' asked the pawnbroker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. 'My wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink.' 'You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No, s-she won't, because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night.' As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the show-case and cried like a child. Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please; but I—I have a baby at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

A GIRL pupil in the drawing-class of an Omaha convent school was punished for banging the hair of St. Cecilia.

The new City Hall at Philadelphia is said to be the highest building in the world, its height, when crowned by the statue of Penn., being 535 feet.

The Ohio Coal Exchange has decided to import Swedes and Hungarians to take the places of the three thousand men now locked out in the Hocking Valley and to start the mining machines.

It is believed that if the use of bituminous coal continues to increase as rapidly as it has in the last year, New York may expect to be visited by London fogs, and to have an atmosphere as grimy as that of Pittsburgh.

DURING the last ten years journalism in Japan has developed with marked rapidity. In 1875 the empire possessed only fifty-three periodical publications of all kinds. To-day it has at least 2,000, one of them having a daily circulation of 20,000.

M. PICARD, a bird-charmer, is astonishing the boulevardiers of Paris with his powers. After being alone with a bird for fifteen minutes, he can make it fly wherever he wishes. Any one who has ever tried to chase a hen will appreciate the value of this gift.

A TRAVELING theatrical troupe played in a town in Texas the other day. Among the spectators were twenty-two Mexicans, armed with knives and pistols, nine Chinamen, twenty-seven Americans, and one full-blooded Modoc Indian. There was a bigger "show" in the house than on the stage.

DURING a week in June last there were in Paris 387 marriages and 1,153 births, 291 of the births being illegitimate, though 52 of the 291 were immediately recognized in the legal manner. During the same week the number of strangers in various hotels and boarding-houses was 25,334, and the number of travelers who left Paris was 26,330.

The tunnel through the Voralberg Mountain, on the boundary of Tyrol, Switzerland and Bavaria, is seven miles long and cost \$8,000,000. It is 240 feet higher than Mont Cenis Tunnel and 600 feet above the St. Gothard bore. It was cut at the rate of thirty feet a day, twice as fast as the St. Gothard work was done, and three times as fast as that at Mont Cenis.

The owner of a 92-carat, 300,000-franc diamond in Paris has allowed the gem to be experimented with in order to prove the theory that the diamond retains light and afterwards emits it in the dark. The gem was exposed for an hour to the sun's rays and removed into a dark room, where for twenty minutes it emitted a light sufficiently strong to make a sheet of white paper held near it quite visible. Light was also generated by rubbing the stone with a piece of hard flannel.

A WOODEN statue of George Washington was erected in 1794 in the Old Battery Park, New York city, where it stood until 1843, when alterations were made in the park, and the statue was sold at public auction for \$250. It was bought by Mr. Jacques, a gatherer of relics, and removed to South Norwalk, Conn. When Mr. Jacques died in 1860 the statue was sold to A. Decorato, of this city, for \$300. Recently it was again sold at auction for \$300 to David J. Schiff, a tobacco dealer at No. 273 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, who will erect it in front of his store as a sign.

OF the four Parisian theatres which receive State aid, two only—the Théâtre Français and the Opéra Comique—are really prosperous. The Grand Opéra invariably shows a heavy deficit at each year's end. It amounts to \$30,000 on the last six months. The Odéon showed a slight excess of receipts over expenditure in 1883, and it has been doing still better this year. The Théâtre Français has realized a surplus of \$60,000 on the operations of the last nine months; but this is a falling off as compared with the results obtained during the preceding winter season. And though the Opéra Comique shows a net gain of \$20,000 on the twelve months, the profits amounted to nearly three times that sum the year before.

THAT the bay snipe, which includes a large variety of aquatic birds and sand-pipers, are much less plentiful during July and August along the Long Island and New Jersey coasts than they were a dozen years back has been a source of consternation and regret to the sportsmen of this vicinity. The following is a list of birds shot over stools, commonly known as "bay snipe": "Curlews", "Sickle bill", "Jack" and "doe bird", or "fute", "Plover"—"Black breast" or "beetle head" or "pilot", and golden plover. Brown marlin and ring-tailed marlin; marbled willet, big yellow leg or "yelper", little yellow leg, dowitcher or brown back, calico back or bent bird or horse-foot snipe, robin saipe, bastard dowitcher and the "ring neck."

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JULY 11TH.—At Croton Landing on the Hudson, Pierre Van Cortlandt, a descendant of the historical Van Cortlandt family, aged 69 years; in Cottage City, Mass., the Rev. Dr. Russell G. Toles, founder of the Little Wanderers' Home in Boston, aged 73 years. JULY 12TH.—In New York, the Rev. Dr. Joaquin de Palma, Rector of the Spanish Protestant Episcopal Church of Santiago, aged 61 years; in Richmond, Va., the Rev. Herman Wolfe, of the Order of St. Benedict of St. Mary's German Catholic Church, aged 68 years; in New York, Thomas H. Lowerre, a well-known furrier of half a century ago, aged 83 years; in Harrisonburg, Va., Captain William M. Sibert, a prominent Democrat. JULY 13TH.—At Squirrel Island, Me., Professor Alpheus Spring Packard, D. D., of Bowdoin College, aged 85 years; in England, the Rev. Dr. William Jacobson, Bishop of Chester. JULY 15TH.—In Baltimore, Md., Mrs. Almira Lincoln Phelps, widely known as a writer of text-books and as a teacher of young women, aged 91 years; in England, Earl Cowley, member of the House of Lords, aged 80 years. JULY 16TH.—In Cakesbury, S. C., Dr. Wesley C. Norwood, an eminent physician and writer, aged 78 years; in Meriden, Conn., Miss Emily J. Leonard, a prominent woman's rights advocate and author, aged 50 years; in New London, Conn., Charles Prentiss, one of the oldest whaling captains in New England, aged 70 years. JULY 17TH.—In London, England, George Sauer, a journalist well known in this country and abroad, aged 59 years. JULY 17TH.—In Jamestown, N. Y., Judge Henry O. Lakin, aged 60 years. JULY 18TH.—In Rochester, N. Y., Major-General Merrill Colby, of Philadelphia, Pa., aged 84 years; in Vienna, Austria, Ferdinand von Hochstetter, the noted German traveler and geologist, aged 55 years; in London, England, the Hon. Sir Watkins Williams, a Justice of the Queen's Bench division of the High Court of Justice.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE crops throughout Prussia are said to be unusually good.

THE Treasury Department, in one day last week, issued warrants for the payment of \$9,000,000 on account of pensions.

THE centennial of the incorporation of Middletown, Conn., as a city, was celebrated on the 14th instant with imposing ceremonies.

THE latest advices from Madagascar state that the Hovas are actively preparing to resist the French. Heavy fighting is imminent.

THE Vatican has issued an appendix to the Free Masonry encyclical suspending for a year the obligation of bishops to denounce secret societies.

THE English Government has offered £150,000 for four of the pictures in the Blenheim collection. It offers £70,000 for the Ausedei Madonna alone.

THE new prohibitory liquor law in Iowa, which went into effect on the Fourth, is said to be enforced in the small towns, but of very little consequence in the cities.

THERE is a marked scarcity of American securities on sale just now in the London stock market, and the volume of shares is so small that even trivial purchases influence prices.

A LARGE party of members of the British Association, with their wives, daughters and other ladies, left Liverpool last week on their way to Canada to attend the annual meeting of the association, which is to be held at Montreal.

THE small town of Mission San Jose, Alameda County, California, was almost destroyed by fire on the 13th instant. When the water was exhausted claret was used to extinguish the flames and prevented the destruction of the Old Mission Church.

ON account of quarantine precautions against cholera, Italy is now inaccessible except via Austria. Passengers by the Indian mail can no longer get through by way of St. Gothard as hitherto. The only way of getting into Italy now is via Vienna.

It is stated that Prince Bismarck has ordered the engineers to hasten the preparations of the plans for a canal from the Baltic to the North Sea. The necessary credits for the construction of the canal will be asked of the Reichstag at its next session.

THE election of General Diaz as President of Mexico was officially announced in the City of Mexico on the 15th instant. The bells of the city were rung for hours in honor of his election. General Diaz assumes the duties of the office December 30th.

DR. LEWIS SWIFT, of Rochester, N. Y., recently has discovered more than one hundred and fifty nebulae which hitherto have escaped the searching eye of astronomers. One nebulous mass is of a most peculiar nature and seems to be undergoing a wonderful change.

ADVICES from Abyssinia state that since the favorable termination of Admiral Hewett's mission, King John, relying upon the friendship of Protestant power, persecutes the French Catholic missions, which he dislikes. A number of mission houses have been sacked and the missionaries expelled.

THE Canadian Fisheries Department has information that the codfishing had been very poor up to the 5th instant, not being more than half that of last year up to the same date. Bait is also very scarce. The total catch of salmon is estimated at about one-third over that of last season. Lobsters are plentiful, but of small size.

ACCORDING to an official publication, Cuba has at present 1,521,684 inhabitants, or thirteen persons to every square kilometer. Of these 854,520 are of the male sex. Of the males 46,698 are Chinamen and 7,944 are of other foreign nationalities. Of the females 3,400 are foreigners, including 84 Chinese, and 242,320 are colored.

SOME 4,000 educators attended the meetings of the National Educational Association at Madison, Wis., last week. A part of the New England delegation, nearly 400 strong, arrived by a special train of ten Pullman coaches, and was received by brass bands, many prominent members of the Association and a committee of citizens.

ACCORDING to Lord Shaftesbury, one of the social necessities of the time in England is said to be the emigration of half a million surplus women. The recent report of the Women's Emigration Society declares that in three years the society has sent to the colonies 350 women. "Three hundred and fifty!" exclaims the *Pall Mall Gazette*; "is it not trying to empty the Atlantic with a teaspoon?"

A LETTER addressed to the Hon. P. T. Barnum, United States of America, was received at Saratoga one day last week. It was from a town with an unpronounceable name in the Philippine Islands, and related to a couple of hideous-looking dwarfs who desired to be placed on exhibition. The letter had been to Hong Kong, China, and almost everywhere else, and finally reached Saratoga, where it found the owner.

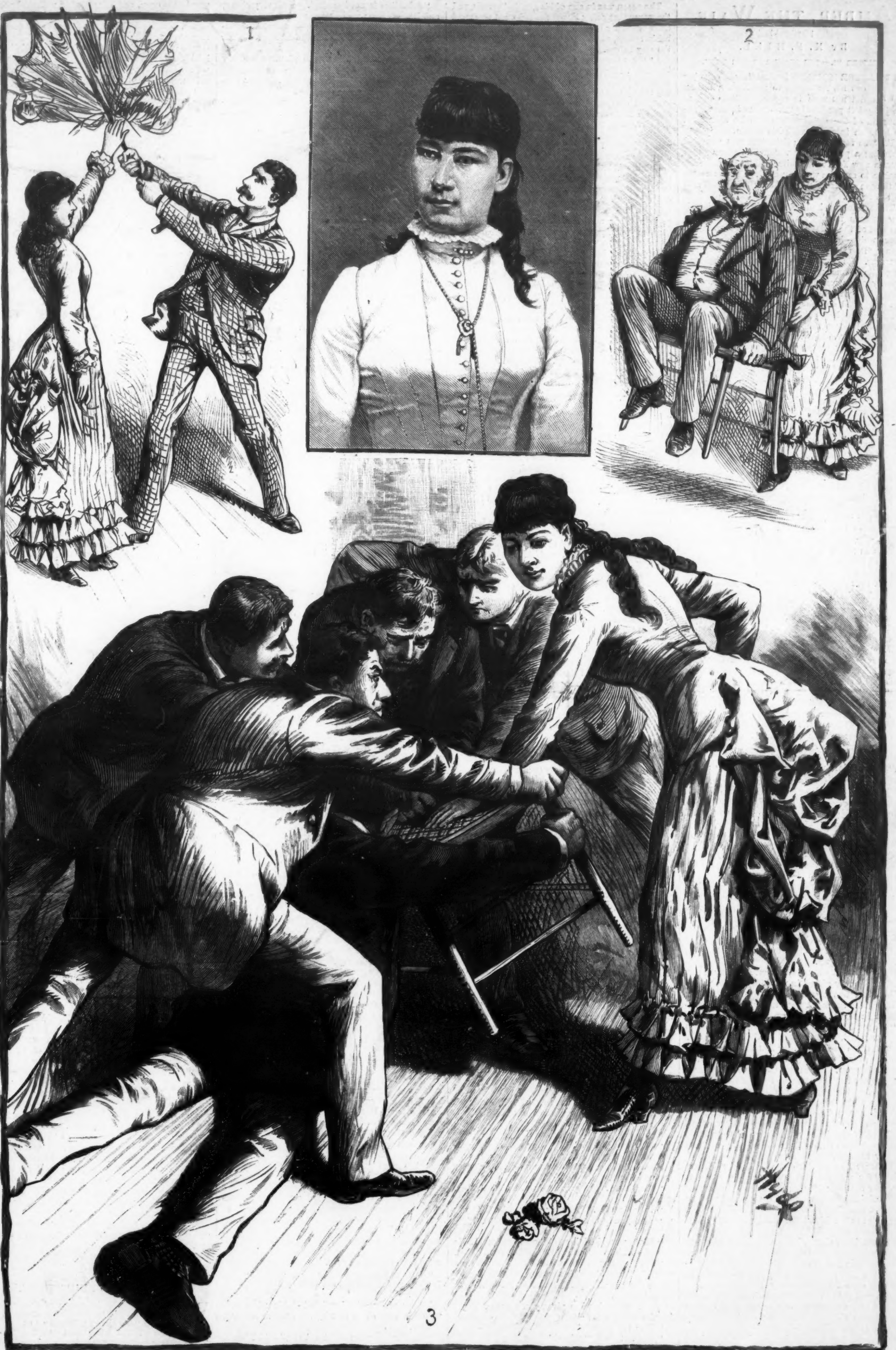
MR. DWIGHT L. MOODY, the evangelist, who has just returned to this country, gives it as his opinion that London is now the most religious city in the world. London, he says, possesses what scarcely any other great metropolis has—a vast amount of "sanctified wealth." Sanctified wealth he considers rare in the United States. "In my opinion," continues Mr. Moody, "America requires missionaries more than England does."

RECENT Russian dispatches state that an unbroken swarm of locusts have passed over Moscow, "occupying no less than three days in their passage, traveling eastward." This news is not favorable for the hopes of Russian agriculturists. Eastern Europe, and especially the plains of Southern Russia, are thought to be peculiarly liable to attacks of the most formidable "migratory" locust, said to have its original breeding place on the arid steppes of Central Asia.

DURING the year ending June 30th, there were delivered, through lock-boxes and by carriers, from the New York City Post Office, 269,555,705 pieces of ordinary mail matter. The total number of pieces of mail matter of all kinds handled during the year was 810,278,173, a daily average of 2,219,940. The aggregate business of the money-order department for the year amounted to \$74,505,045, giving an increase of the business over the previous year of \$6,229,505. The total receipts of the office were \$4,295,816, and the total expenditures, \$881,318, giving a net revenue of \$3,414,498. The number of employees is 1,596, and the aggregate pay is \$1,936,872.



THE RESCUE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE GREELY ARCTIC COLONY AT THE MOUTH OF SMITH'S SOUND—SCENES AND INCIDENTS
SEE PAGE 358.



1. Miss Hurst electrifies an umbrella. 2. She causes a chair to tip its occupant. 3. Several persons ineffectually attempt to force a chair to the floor.

NEW YORK CITY.—SCENES AT THE EXHIBITIONS OF LULU HURST, "THE GEORGIA WONDER," AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 362.

AMBER, THE WAIF.

(Continued.)

BY K. F. HILL.

CHAPTER VI.—THE HAWK AND THE DOVE.

WALTER MORROW lost no time in carrying out his resolution to see Amber, but he did not wish to encounter Sebastian, so he judged it prudent to reconnoitre in the neighborhood of the lighthouse before he attempted to have an interview with his cousin.

Fortune favored him; Sebastian was occupied finishing a painting for which he had an order from a new York millionaire, and he did not wish Amber to see him working at it, as it was a copy of the one she had shuddered over on her first visit to the studio.

The millionaire had selected this scene, though few persons fancied its weird, wild beauty, and the soul of the artist had rejoiced, for the sea was dear to him—he loved it and had found consolation by its side, a soothing voice in its ceaseless murmur. Its tireless strains, whether whispering in gentle cadence upon the white beach when the mighty ocean was in a tranquil mood, or, when angry, its roar sounded high above the shouts of the storm-god and the hoarse rattle of Heaven's artillery, still brought peace to the lonely man whose home was the tempest-rocked tower far above the wave-washed reefs.

The painting he now worked upon was a little different from the one that had caused a chill to pass over the form of the girl who had passed from life to death through the mighty waters and back again to safety.

In the copy the artist had introduced a new feature: a huge spar floated upon the billows, and to that spar, once the proud mast of a gallant ship, was lashed the form of a slender girl. The curl of the foam-edged breakers washed over her; life must have fled, but still the inanimate figure clung to the mast.

Amber now knew that her grandfather was no more, and that her cousin, of whose existence she had previously been unaware, refused to allow her claim unless she could substantiate it, which was out of her power.

Sebastian told her all this very gently and very judiciously, and she had not been depressed by the tidings as much as he expected.

"So I have no grandfather, and my cousin does not want me," she said, simply. "Well, I'd be sorry I ever came here if I had not found you."

His face lit up when he heard the childlike words. Her look was so purely unconscious, she knew so little of the world. She had found him; God had caused the ocean to cast her up at his feet, and she was satisfied.

When Sebastian told her that, for the present, till she could prove she was Colonel Clayton's granddaughter, she need hope for nothing from her cousin, she took the evil tidings with singular apathy.

Having never received any help from this unknown grandfather, she was scarcely disappointed. She had no idea of the splendor of Eldorado, or the immense wealth of Colonel Clayton, and scarcely seemed to regret the loss of her inheritance.

"You will let me live with you, will you not?" she asked Sebastian, with a smile of childish confidence. "I have no other place to go, for the people in McDougal Street, New York, were very unkind to me before Captain Shaw came; they told me I ought to go to service. I couldn't go to service; besides, no one would have me."

The lighthouse was delightful to her; it was so complete a change from the narrow city homes she had known all her life—the bare, poverty-stricken rooms, with their dreary outlook of bricks, mortar and filthy yards. Now she had the sea and sky for her nearest neighbors; and when she looked inland, the palmy groves and beautiful, flower-perfumed island of Key West.

An old woman came twice a week to the lighthouse to thoroughly clean and put in order every portion of it, and also take away soiled linen and bring it back clean.

She was a white woman, named Leslie, and she was exceedingly gifted in volubility.

Sebastian was aware of this weakness on her part, and he warned Amber to give her no information in regard to her own past history.

"We must work in the dark, child," he said to the young girl, as they stood on the reef together after the tide went down. "You must not talk to any one; for if you do, you will betray yourself to Walter Morrow. When he knows what steps we are prepared to take he will frustrate them."

Amber was happy that night; it was the same evening after Sebastian had brought home the bad news, but he had also brought home her outfit, and she would have been more or less than a woman if she had not given some thought to the numberless dainty articles he had purchased for her comfort.

"I never had anything so nice," she said, joyfully, "for mamma and I were always so poor. Oh, how beautiful!"

The lighthouse-keeper had certainly spared no expense, and Mamma Chloe had exerted herself to do justice to her friend Mr. Mosely's stock of dry-goods.

Dresses, hats, gloves, laces and fine underwear were scattered around in profusion. Everything the heart of a young girl could wish for, and certainly ten times too much for any young girl to wear in such a lonely spot as the lighthouse.

Sebastian did not consider this, however; he was pleased because she was, and certainly had never experienced so much pleasure from the expenditure of money in his life.

When the fine raiment had all been examined and admired, the strangely-met couple went out upon the reef to enjoy the bracing freshness of the evening breeze.

The ocean was in one of his gentlest moods, and the waves that softly kissed the stern old reefs and drew bashfully back, leaving a lace-work of foam behind them, did not resemble the angry surges of the day before.

Amber seemed calmly, childishly happy; like Solomon's lilies, she took no "thought for the morrow." She laughed gleefully when the waters danced up and touched her feet; she watched the graceful curves of the quick-winged gulls, and listened to their shrill cries as they dropped into the clear, cool waves.

Sebastian watched her with interest and surprise; he could scarcely understand her happy, care-free nature.

He did not know that she had lived such a thoroughly Bohemian life that she was accustomed to vicissitudes and changes; she had always been desperately poor, and both her parents had been helpless. Her mother's early training had rendered her singularly unfit for the wife of a struggling genius; and Arata himself had been more of a dreamer than a worker.

So the girl had grown up like a flower that struggles for existence amid ruins; sometimes a little sunshine fell to her lot, but usually she was surrounded by gloom and shade.

Sebastian felt and acted with the most delicate consideration for the helpless girl who had been cast on his hands by his old friend, the ocean. He had the refined feeling and sensitiveness of a woman, combined with the dignity and courage of a man. It was this refined tenderness of the feelings of others that prompted him to send Amber out upon the beach while he worked at his picture. Though far from New York, his fame as an artist was well known there, and his paintings commanded high prices. They were ordered through a third party, who, of course, obtained a handsome commission; and personally Sebastian had no dealings with his patrons, but he realized a good income from them.

Amber arrayed herself in one of her new dresses, and tied a straw hat upon her head. Her abundant hair was massed low in her neck, and the sea-wind had freshened the bloom on her soft cheeks to a vivid crimson, while her eyes shone with starry brightness. Her dress was dark blue, with here and there a touch of deep red, and her hat was lined with the same hue as the relieving tint of the dress. She wandered out of sight of the towering dome of the lighthouse, and then sat down to watch the flow of the tide and the tireless movements of the ever-active seabirds.

She had the appearance of thinking deeply, but really she was absently resting, exercising neither brain nor body.

As she sat thus a man approached her; he seemed anxious to appear careless and unconcerned; but he need not have apprehended any notice from Amber, for she was unconscious of his presence till he addressed her.

"Good-afternoon!" he said, raising his hat. The girl looked up in surprise, for the beach was now deserted by the wreckers, their work being over till the next storm provided more, and no one else seemed likely to visit that spot.

"Good-afternoon," she answered, looking up quickly.

"I trust I have not startled you."

"No; I was watching the sea and the seagulls, and wondering whether they ever rested."

Her face was grave, but by his look of admiration her companion evidently thought it beautiful.

"Which do you mean, the birds or the sea?" he asked, lightly; and as he spoke he threw himself down beside her and began casting shells into the waves at their feet.

"Both; the sea never remains quiet, and the birds seem as restless as it does."

"You love the sea?"

"I can't tell; two nights ago it tried to drown me. Oh! the shipwreck was so dreadful, our ship tossed about, and all was darkness, noise and confusion. The roar of the thunder, the flashes of lightning and the cries of the poor men drowning. I shall never forget them—never!"

She shuddered over the recollection, and the rich damask faded from her face.

"It must have been terrible," said the young man, who was none other than Walter Morrow.

"It was dreadful. I was the only one saved—all those strong men were drowned. I did not know, for the darkness was so dense I could see nothing, and the lightning flashes only blinded me, but some one tied me to a spar when the ship was going down, and Sebastian found me."

"Sebastian was fortunate," said Walter, with a meaning look.

"You mean I was fortunate," replied the girl, simply.

"Well, yes, I suppose you were."

"I did not want to die in that horrible black water. I will never go upon it again."

"What vessel were you on?"

"The *Bella Clayton*—my grandfather's ship."

"Then you are the young lady who has forgotten her name?"

He asked the question with somewhat of a sneer on his sensual lips.

"Yes, I am the young lady," said Amber, gravely.

"Very singular. Does it not come back to you now that you have recovered from the shock?"

"No."

"Then you shall have to go nameless." He smiled at his own jest, but she still looked grave.

"No, I shall not, for Sebastian has given me a name." She spoke with a certain childish dignity which checked an impudent remark that hovered upon his lips.

"Oh! Sebastian has given you a name. May I inquire what it is?"

"Yes; it's Amber."

"Amber! Why Amber?"

"Because, I am from the sea."

"Ah! rather a pretty conceit for an ignorant sailor."

"Sebastian is not ignorant. He is very clever, and he paints as well as my papa."

"What did your papa paint—houses?" Innocent thought she was, she felt the insolence of his question.

"My papa painted beautiful pictures, and my papa was a gentleman; so is Sebastian."

Her cheeks were again crimson and her eyes flashed.

"Ah, ha! Spirit," said the tormentor to himself. "That will have to be broken. Louise had spirit once."

"So Sebastian is a genius and a gentleman?" said Morrow, slowly casting shells into the sea, which took on its evening robe of pale amber and rose.

"Yes; and he is a kind, brave man besides," said his defender, warmly.

"Ah, a paragon and an Admirable Crichton!"

"The tide is rising, I must go," said the girl rising as she spoke.

"Does the tide influence your movements, then?" inquired Walter, also springing to his feet.

"Yes; for the lighthouse is an island when it is high tide."

She moved on as she spoke, but Walter kept by her side, his hat tilted over his eyes, and his hands thrust into the pockets of his riding-coat, his whip held under one arm.

"How long are you going to stay at the lighthouse?" he inquired, carelessly.

She looked surprised. "How long?" she repeated, gazing at him questioningly.

"Yes, how long?"

"Why, I have no other place to go."

"Who are you?"

Amber reflected; she had not forgotten Sebastian's warning, but she fancied it only applied to old Mrs. Leslie. Therefore it could not be wrong to answer any questions this young man might address to her; still a doubt lingered in her mind; had he not said to refuse to answer any questions? Yes, he had, and she was bound to obey him, her protector and friend.

"It does not matter who I am," she said, at length.

"Where did you lose your papers?" said Walter, next.

"What do you know about my papers?"

"Perhaps I have found them," he said, artfully. "Then give them to me." No smile crossed her lips; she thought he was in earnest and extended her hand.

"I am joking. I have not found any papers."

"Then, why did you say you had?" asked Amber, without seeming amused.

"Only in jest."

"The loss of my papers is no jest to me," said the young girl, with the same quiet dignity she had observed before.

"No; what shall you do if you do not find them?"

"I can't tell. I'll leave it all to Sebastian."

"You have great confidence in this man; perhaps he stole the papers himself."

A crimson flush of anger rose to her very brow. "How dare you speak in such a way of my only friend? How dare you accuse him of such a thing?"

The flash of her eyes, the quiver of her lips, plainly told Morrow that he had committed an error; her faith in her new friend was strong and steadfast; it could not be shaken.

"Don't get angry. I never saw your friend in my life; my opinion does not count for much. I'd like to help you though, if you will allow me. I'll do all I can; may be some of the wreckers have found the papers; how were they done up—in a wallet?"

"No, I wore them around my waist in a belt. It must have fallen off in the water."

Joy lit up Walter's face; if her solution of the question was correct the papers were quietly reposing at the bottom of the ocean. They would never be found, and he was secure in his possession of his grandfather's home and fortune. Still this girl was beautiful and innocent; she would serve to beguile dull care in this stupid place. Walter Morrow had no friends in his native city; he was too well known.

"Well, I'll say good-by. I'll look everywhere for your papers; come here at this hour to-morrow, and I may have some good news for you. I wish I had been the one to rescue you from the waves, but I would not have christened you 'Amber.' I would have called you Venus. Good-by!" With a look of admiration which called up the ready crimson to Amber's cheeks, and a lingering pressure of her hand, which he had grasped, without permission, he left her.

"How handsome he is," said the girl, as she continued her way alone. Walter had discreetly left her before coming in sight of her home. "He is handsome, but I don't like his eyes. Was it wrong to talk with him? I am afraid so. Perhaps I had better not tell Sebastian; he told me not to talk; he might get angry."

CHAPTER VII.—TREACHERY AND DEATH—BARTY'S PROMISE.

WALTER MORROW heard nothing from the cottage where Louise dwelt with her child and servant for two days. He was extremely anxious, still he feared to go near the place or make inquiries, for he dreaded to awaken suspicion.

On the morning of the third day he received a note, it was written by Dr. Naylor. It was brief: "Come to the cottage and give directions where Louise Eastur's remains are to be buried."

"NAYLOR."

Walter sat at the breakfast-table when this note was handed to him by the doctor's servant, Abram.

"Doctor say come right off, sar," said Abram, solemnly.

"Very well; tell the man to saddle my horse."

He hastened to the cottage. The front door

stood wide open, and he walked in without knocking. In the front parlor an object stood that caused him to draw back with a startled look of alarm.

"Yes, sar; dat's de las' ob de pore lamb," said Dinah, Louise's servant, advancing into the room with a flourish of her stiff new black dress, and a sniff expressive of grief.

"When—when?" gasped Morrow, pale as a corpse himself.

"Last night, massa. De doctor done eberyting, ordered de coffin an' all."

"He's very good," said Morrow, faintly.

"Would you like to look at her?" asked another voice, and, turning, the murderer found himself face to face with the doctor.

"Yes—no," he changed from white to red, and his eyes fell before the gaze of the doctor. True old Mag's poisons were said to defy detection, still Doctor Naylor was a skillful, and also a shrewd, man.

"She looks beautiful," said he, calmly, and walking up to the coffin he moved aside a thin piece of gauze which alone covered the face of the dead.

Louise had been fair in life, but never had she looked so beautiful as she now appeared lying cold and still in her coffin.

Morrow gazed upon the corpse, his face clay-colored, with huge drops of agony on his forehead. He trembled in every limb. Guilt shone out of the terrified gaze of his eyes, and spoke dumbly in the quiver of his silent, ashy lips.

His gaze was fixed upon the face of the corpse, but the doctor's eyes were on his face. He saw and marked his terror and confusion.

"Remarkably sudden death," he said, as he replaced the gauze over the calm, pale face. "Dinah came running for me, said her mistress had dropped down in a faint. By the time I got here she was dead. You did not know her heart was affected, I suppose?"

"No." That was all the treacherous poisoner could force past his ashy lips.

"De misses warn't no manner ob use arter she done drink dat glass ob wine de day before," said Dinah, who was busy arranging long sprays of stephanotis about the room.

Morrow started, and glanced fearfully at the doctor, who did not seem to observe the remark.

"She had better be buried this afternoon," said he. "I'll make out the certificate at once, and send the undertaker out here at two o'clock. You won't attend the funeral, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! it would not look well. Did she express any wish in regard to the—child?"

"Yes; the child is to be sent North to her parents. I've got the address. Do you wish me to undertake all the arrangements?"

"If you please, doctor. People think she is a stranger, and I would rather keep out of it. Dinah, give me a pen and ink—what is to become of you?"

"I'm goin' North wid de chile," replied Dinah, briskly.

"That's right," said Walter, looking greatly relieved. "Here, doctor; I've written a blank check which you can fill up. Spare no expense, and remember I am perfectly willing to support the child."

"Of course, that's understood," said the doctor, coolly. "You can afford to provide for him handsomely, and I'll take care of the money and advance it every quarter. I'll call and see you in a day or two. Now, if I may be allowed to offer advice, the sooner you are off the better."

Walter was thankful for permission to leave; every moment he had been in the cottage seemed like an age, for, callous and hardened though he was, he could not quite forget Louise's delight when he had brought her to the pretty, nest-like home two years before. Her bright, innocent face and childish joy as she flitted from room to room, running up to kiss him every moment and overwhelm him with thanks for all his thoughtful kindness. Now she lay there cold and still. Her loving heart-pulses for ever stilled by his hand!

No wonder the perfume of the flowers around her coffin stifled the guilty wretch. The creamy-white of the wax-like stephanotis reminded him of the cold face reposing on its white satin pillow, and a shudder passed over him as he hastened out of the cottage, and, springing on his horse, was out of sight in a moment.

"Nebber ast to see de chile!" said Dinah, indignantly.

The doctor's face wore a strange expression.

"One of the Clayton breed," he said, in a peculiar tone; "they have always been celebrated for manliness and honor—and this is the last of the race."

A quiet funeral left the cottage that afternoon, and the only mourners, Dinah and the child, did not return from it to the home where the little lady had dwelt so mysteriously. They took the steamer for Cedar Keys en route to New York.

So the pretty home was deserted and closed; the flowers Louise's busy fingers had cultivated remained ungathered, and no sound of bird's song floated from the windows now close shut, no tiny form toddled through the garden followed by a loving mother, watching with fond affection the uncertain steps of her first-born.

All was silent throughout cottage and garden, and neighbors soon forgot the merry little mother and her beautiful babe.

(To be continued.)

LULU HURST'S EXHIBITIONS.

WHATEVER may be the source of the curious powers displayed by Miss Lulu Hurst, who is advertised as "the Georgia Wonder" and "the phenomenon of the nineteenth century," this young woman certainly has succeeded in entertaining and interesting large crowds of people nightly during her stay in New York. Her novel performances on the stage of Wallack's Theatre have

broken the dead calm which at this season prevails on the vast ocean of city amusements. All the town has gone, in a mood more skeptical than otherwise, to form an opinion of its own as to the means by which this rosy, giggling and seemingly unsophisticated country girl contrives to outwrestle athletes, outwit scientists and outstrip trained actresses in that practical drawing power which attracts the shy and elusive dollar to the box-office. The real amusement at these exhibitions is furnished by the spectators themselves. Actors, newspaper men, physicians, athletes and "cranks" all are there, and the elegant brigade of idlers and men-about-town would not think of being absent. As a great many of these persons take an active—often a violent—part in the doings on the stage, while the whole house amuses itself with "guying," the fun grows at times fast and furious. The newspapers have discussed the proceedings with great interest, and the topic has attracted universal attention.

Miss Hurst is a large, plump, muscular young woman of nineteen, with a pleasing face and a luxuriant "bang." Her manner is quiet and unassuming. She asserts that her peculiar power, of which she first became aware less than a year ago, is as much a mystery to herself as to others. She disclaims any extraordinary muscular power, and the feats which she performs are somewhat vaguely attributed by her father and her managers to "psychic force."

Miss Hurst's public performances consist of perhaps half a dozen different acts, which apparently are never varied in any essential particular. By placing the palm of her hand upon the handle of an open umbrella grasped with both hands by a gentleman from the audience, she causes it to twist and whirl violently, until, in spite of the resistance of the holder, it is turned inside out, and falls a wreck to the stage. She pushes strong men about with irresistible force by pressing her open hand against a stout cane held horizontally by them with both hands. She lays her hands upon a chair, held tightly in the arms of whoever desires to try the experiment, and causes it to jerk upwards and from side to side until chair and man are thrown with a crash to the floor. Miss Hurst herself then raises the chair in her hands, and as many men as can seize hold of it strive in vain to push it to the floor, or to prevent themselves from being dragged and shoved about. Men of abnormal avoirdupois plant themselves solidly in chairs, and are unceremoniously upset by the white hands of "the Wonder" who laughs heartily and does not appear a bit fatigued. Three or four men struggle to push down one end of a billiard cue which she holds horizontally in her hands, but find the task too much for them. These are feats which Miss Hurst undeniably performs—how, the participants and spectators are by no means agreed. Some insist that a mysterious and magnetic force is exerted, while many declare that the secret is simply muscle artfully applied. It should be stated that in many instances, and notably in the case of Professor Dowd and one or two other men famous for their strength, Miss Hurst's power was resisted with more or less success. In some cases, she has been entirely baffled.

Our illustrations show some of the principal features of the exhibition which has caused such wide discussion and delighted thousands of spectators. A portrait of Miss Hurst is also included.

PATTI'S MOUNTAIN HOME.

PATTI'S home in North Wales is called Craig-y-Nos, and is perched high up on a cleft mountain (says a correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle*), reminding one strongly of the Twin Peaks that lie back of Nos Valley in San Francisco, except that it is plentifully wooded. The castle is nearly at the top of this mountain, and is built after the common fashion of all Welsh castles, with low bastions and what is called a curtain between—that is, a straight line of wall joining two semi-circular towers. The walls, which are of grayish-green slate, are topped with battlements and covered here and there with ivy, while the windows are either arched or gabled. Spreading away in front are the gardens and lawns, all terraced because of the precipitous character of the ground, and so gradually coming down to the little valley along which we had just driven. Through this valley runs a lovely little river with an unpronounceable name, spanned by numerous pretty bridges and well stocked with fish. The valley opens into the great Swansea Valley, while the whole country around is extremely mountainous and abounding in game.

The castle contains twenty-two rooms, none of them very large, but all warm and cozy, as they should be in this climate. Patti's own is hung with blue silk, all the upholstery being to match, while attached to it is a little dressing-room that is complete enough in its appointments for a princess. The drawing-room is charming, and he must be a dull person who could not find something to interest him there. It contains two grand pianos, albums, statuettes, pictures and offerings from admirers, chief among the latter being an exquisite inlaid cabinet containing gold and silver coronets, with which almost every nation in the world has crowned the diva "Queen of Song." The morning-room is also a "little beauty," but was chiefly attractive to me because it contained a picture of the poor late Duke of Albany, with his autograph across the top and a manly, modest letter begging Patti to accept his picture in return for one she had sent him. In the billiard-room is an immense orchestra, which is set playing every night after dinner.

CRANKS IN JERUSALEM.

THE holy City of Jerusalem (writes a correspondent of the *New York Post*), is full of "cranks"; it is the abode of all sorts of "peculiar people," restitutionists, second-adventists, and latter-day prophets, and a majority of these cranks hail from the United States. Each clique lives in its peculiar rut. One clique opposes the idea of natural immortality; an advocate of this doctrine is an American woman, who is waiting for the advent of Christ, convinced that there is immortality only for those who are living when He comes. Then there are those calling themselves the "Church of God," holding that the wicked will be annihilated, but that the souls of the good die at the natural death, and are resurrected at the final judgment. Some hold not only to immortality but to pre-existence. There are people who have gone there under the impression that the coming of Christ is very near, and that Jerusalem is to be the metropolis of the earth, to be the finest city in the world, with a temple surpassing the ancient temple in splendor, with a great university, becoming the centre of learning as well as piety. One American citizen is now engaged in marking out a little plot of ground which he has bought as the Kingdom of God. He

has organized a body of five believers, based on the number of the wise virgins, who are to wait for the coming of the Lord on that particular ground. There is one company of nice, refined, intelligent people from Chicago, several families living together in the finest house in Jerusalem, leading good lives and doing good, who went there three years ago to await the coming of Christ and the "endowment from on high." Their minds are said to have been awakened by the Chicago fire, by tidal waves and other judgments. These people engage in no business and have no means of support except the contributions of such of the company as have some property. At the head of this movement are a Mr. and Mrs. Spafford, a couple endowed with remarkable graces of mind and heart. They do not expect that Christ will come again in the flesh, but as a spiritual sovereign.

A FAN THAT WAS FREE TO ALL.

It was nothing but a plain palm-leaf fan. It occupied a whole bench by itself in a grove not far from the entrance of Druid Hill Park, in Baltimore. It had a lonesome look, as if longing to be swung through the hot Summer air. Presently a portly gentleman, with his vest unbuttoned, his necktie disarranged, his hat set back and his mouth well open, tripped up the path. He stretched his arms, wiped off the perspiration, and seeing the bench, made for it and sat down. He grabbed the fan and swooped it in the air. Right away he gave a tremendous sneeze; repeated it; repeated it again; repeated it twice more, and thrice more again. Then he gazed at the fan, dropped it, scowled at his hands, and with steady stride made for the pump, muttering curses with each breath. Next came a sleekly-dressed swell. He was fanning with his hat. He saw the fan. "Lucky, by Jove!" he said, as he sat down on the bench. He grabbed the palm-leaf. He dropped it. He sneezed. He looked at his hand and straightway made for the pump. The park was now becoming full of people. A portly young lady in white, attached to a slim young man in brown, meandered up the path. "Oh, ain't we fortunate?" she said. "Here's a shady bench—and, just look, there's a big fan, too!" They sat down. She picked up the fan and shook it in her face. A look of horror came into her eyes and a sneeze into her nose. She let go the fan. The young man in brown snatched it. He also dropped it. Then the two showed each other their hands. They took out their handkerchiefs and began wiping. Presently they left the seat. Then two small boys crept from behind a near clump of trees; they grinning portentously. They saw the fan. One of them took it by the top and moved off. "Billy," said he to his companion, "we'll get some more 'lasses 'en red pepper 'en try her ag'in."

FRENCH OFFICIAL SALARIES.

A CASE which lately came before a French court illustrates how cruelly small are the official salaries in France, which it must be remembered, is no longer a cheap country, now that it has the largest debt in the world. Mlle. R. is the orphan daughter of a surgeon-major. A very bright girl, she passed brilliant examinations for the position of a school-mistress just at the time that she lost her father, when her necessities being urgent (her mother was then alive and totally unprovided for), some friends got her appointed postmistress at a small town, with a salary of \$160 a year, which salary did not begin until two months after she had entered on her duties. Meantime the person who had boarded her mother clamored for payment of \$120 due, and went so far as to sell off all her poor little property, and Mlle. R., in ill-health, had herself been obliged to contract some small debts. Reduced to the last extremity, she took official money to the extent of \$240, and knowing that the loss of her position was certain if the deficit should be discovered, opened a money letter and took two of the four \$200 bills it contained, with which she made up the deficiency in her cash account. But this was soon found out, and she was committed for trial. The Court sentenced her to two years' imprisonment.

HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

A writer in *Leisure Hour* says: The thirty-five millions of British people annually consume upwards of 300,000,000 quarter loaves, 93,000,000 cwt. of potatoes, 17,000,000 cwt. of vegetables, 30,000,000 cwt. of meat, 700,000,000 lbs. of fish, 5,000,000 cwt. of butter, 2,000,000,000 lbs. of sugar, 170,000,000 lbs. of tea, 1,000,000,000 gallons of beer, 37,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 14,000,000 gallons of wine, the total cost to the consumers being about £500,000,000, or, if we take the net or national expenditure, about £349,000,000. Within the last forty years there has been an enormous increase in the consumption of articles of food and drink in the United Kingdom. Next to the expenditure for food and drink comes the expenditure on articles of dress, principally consisting in cotton, wool, linen and silk, in boots, shoes and hats, as well as in gold and silver ornaments and jewelry, involving an expenditure of well-nigh £148,000,000 gross, or £123,000,000 net or real value. The house expenditure comprises about £72,000,000 for house rent, some £11,000,000 for furniture, estimating only the value of annual additions, £15,000,000 for coal, £14,000,000 for gas, and £5,000,000 for water, making in all £117,000,000. Then there is the expenditure in tobacco, amounting to some £13,000,000 gross, but only £3,000,000 net value. And after this there are expenses for education, literature, newspapers, church and chapel, charity, amusements, traveling, taxes, and cost of distribution, the grand total being £880,000,000 gross, and £683,000,000 net per annum.

A BARBAROUS FESTIVAL.

Is the province of Catania (Sicily) the festival of San Filippo, the patron saint of Calatabiano, is celebrated in a strangely superstitious manner. The ignorant population of that district believe that San Filippo has the power of restoring to health all those afflicted with epilepsy, hysterics, insanity, or other nervous maladies—in short, that the invocation of the saint is sufficient to cast out the "evil spirit." On the day of the festival such afflicted persons from all the country around are brought by their relations to be cured instantaneously at the church of Calatabiano. On arriving they are seized by robust peasants, who attempt to make them kiss the image of the saint, and cry, "Viva Sant Filippo." Some, as might be expected, are too stupid to obey, others struggle furiously in the hands of their captors, who then

resort to the most savage means of compulsion, tearing off their clothes, pulling their hair, and even biting them, continuing the torture throughout the day, until the victims pronounce the sacramental words. This being accomplished, the unfortunate invalids are again consigned to their relations, who take them home with tears of joy, only to be bitterly undeceived by finding them later on worse than before. This year the same scene was repeated, but was soon put a stop to by police constables, who, in the name of the law, arrested all those who refused to renounce the barbarous custom.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ALL the vessels of the British navy which carry divers are to be supplied with telephones, for the purpose of submarine communication.

A BED of native coke is said to have been discovered at La Cerillo, in Mexico, interposed between two strata of bituminous coal and of anthracite.

WHAT ought to be a very durable paint has been made of very finely powdered zinc, mixed with oil and siccativ. A varnish is thus produced which may be applied with a brush in the ordinary way.

AN optical telegraph has been successfully established between the islands of Mauritius and Reunion, a distance of about 140 miles. Observers can read the signals without difficulty, and arrangements for announcing cyclones are nearly completed.

THE authorities of Berlin are trying tile pavements for the streets. The tiles are molded into blocks 7.8 inches square and 3.9 inches thick, and impregnated with bituminous products up to 20 per cent. of their volume. They are laid on concrete six inches thick, and the spaces between them are filled with hot tar.

JAPANESE water-coolers are a most seasonable invention. They consist of a small cylinder of cork, lined with zinc and covered with "Turkey red." Within this can be placed a glass jar containing the ice water, and the cover is then tightly fitted above. These coolers are invaluable for the sick room, as cold water will keep fresh in them for an incredibly long time, and will be kept from absorbing any of the impurities of the surrounding air.

CLOVER does not seed in New Zealand because there are no humble bees to fertilize the flowers. Various attempts which have been made to introduce the insects have proven futile, but Mr. J. C. Firth has succeeded at length in getting a consignment of humble bees, which were transported in a torpid state in a chilled room. If successful in acclimatizing them, Mr. Firth expects them to save him \$6,000 a year in clover seed, all supplies having now to be imported.

PROFESSOR A. E. VERRILL gives it as his opinion, based upon observed facts, the bearings of which none should be more competent to judge than himself, that more or less sunlight penetrates to the depths of the ocean, perhaps to 2,000 or even 3,000 fathoms, in the form of a soft sea-green light equal in intensity to our partially moonlight nights. At the greatest depth this light may possibly be equal only to starlight; but it must be remembered that in the deep sea, far from land, the water is more transparent than near the coast.

PROFESSOR HUGHES thinks that the great "Red-spot" on Jupiter, which remained until last year of a brick-red color, but which has gradually grown paler, until it is now scarcely visible, will not be seen much longer in any telescopes. A similar spot, with a diameter of about 8,000 miles, was noticed in this planet in 1664, and it has reappeared and vanished many times since then. It seems to appear and reappear at regular intervals. Professor Hough thinks it is in reality the solid body of the planet, usually invisible beneath its cloudy covering.

THE *Panama Star and Herald* says that there will shortly be given to the public "a résumé of the work done by Dr. L. Girard in connection with yellow fever and its prevention by a species of vaccination. Dr. Girard for two years and a half has worked incessantly on this subject and has evolved some startling truths. He has also acclimated himself with yellow fever germs, and experienced a mild form of the disease. Dr. Girard, it is said, is the first scientist who has shown his absolute faith in his own work by introducing the poison directly into his own system."

A NEW telegraph line has just been opened between Boston and Providence, which introduces a new idea into the general telegraph business of the country. In the well known quadruplex system of telegraphy four messages may be sent at once over one wire, two in each direction. By the new system, seventy-two messages may be sent at once over the same wire, all in one direction, or part one way and the rest the other. Speed of transmission varies with the number of operators. Six men can use the wire, and each send thirty-five words a minute, but if twelve should use it the speed would be reduced to twenty words.

"SCIENCE" states that an expedition, to be composed of Messrs. Wm. Hayes Ward, editor of the *New York Independent*, J. T. Clarke and J. R. S. Sterrett, lately of the Assos Expedition, will shortly proceed to Southern Mesopotamia, or Babylonia, in order to collect cuneiform material as well as more modern Syrian and Arabic treasures for this country. The expedition will be called "The Wolfe Expedition," in memory of the father of Miss C. L. Wolfe, who has given the entire sum needed for the purpose. The expedition is endorsed by the Archeological Institute of America, and will go out in its name. The Department of State has promised to use its influence to procure the necessary firman from the Porte. Dr. Ward will sail for England about September, and will be joined in London by Mr. Clarke, and at Athens by Dr. Sterrett.

THAT the small coins of all nations may be a most potent factor in disseminating disease is a discovery due to the researches of Dr. Reinch. Taking specimens of coin which had been long in circulation, he scraped off the thin organic incrustations, which he then divided into small pieces and dissolved them in distilled water. Microscopic inspection of the solution disclosed abundance of bacteria and vegetable fungi. After this there is ample reason for caution in handling money made of metal; of the danger of filthy paper currency the public has long been aware. Application to coins of a boiling weak solution of caustic potash will, however, free them of their organic impurities. Withdrawal from circulation of old, dirty dollar bills and replacing them by new ones is, perhaps, the best way to prevent paper money acting incidentally a not inconsiderable rôle in the mechanism of epidemics, as well as of mercantile exchange directly.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

KING JOHN, of Abyssinia, has sent Queen Victoria an elephant as a token of amity.

MADAME ADAM will visit America to study its institutions and learn what there is to be learned here, and will probably publish a book of her impressions.

MR. DUDLEY BUCK, the eminent organist and composer, expects to sail for Germany on July 26th, returning to New York from Bremen on September 3d.

CAROLINE E. BROWN, well known as the mother of the celebrated humorist, Artemus Ward, died in Waterford, Me., a few days since. She was a woman of marked intelligence.

DR. SCHLIEGMANN has returned to Athens from his excavations at Tiryns. The Greek Government talks of continuing the work. The ornaments found strongly resemble those discovered at Mycenae.

MR. GEORGE S. SCOTT, Commodore of the American Yacht Club, and also member of the New York Yacht Club, has sold his steam yacht *Viking* to Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, the price paid, it is reported, being \$40,000.

MR. HOWARD VINCENT, ex-director of the Department of Criminal Investigation of Scotland Yard, London, is just entering upon a tour through the United States and Canada. Subsequently he will go to New Zealand, Australia.

GENERAL NORTON is in London making preliminary arrangements for an American Exhibition there in 1886. It will include American products and manufactures, practically displaying all the processes which are of American invention.

THE family of Secretary Chandler have gone to their New Hampshire home. Attorney-general Brewster and family are at Long Branch. The family of Secretary Frelinghuysen spend the Summer at their country residence near Baritan, N. J.

MR. GYE, who will have the management of the New York Metropolitan Opera House next season, is to receive \$3,000 weekly. Madame Albani is to receive \$1,500 nightly. Mr. Gye has engaged Madames Fursch-Madi and Tremelli and is negotiating to secure Madame Nilsson.

C. P. HUNTINGTON, the well-known railway magnate, was married recently to Mrs. A. D. Worham. The bride's early home was in the South, but she has lived for a number of years in this city, her family and that of Mr. Huntington being on terms of the closest intimacy. She is wealthy in her own right. Her first husband died several years ago.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Germany for the erection of a monument in memory of Baron Karl von Weber, the composer, at his birthplace, near Lubek. The intention is to have the monument at least equal to that erected at Dresden in 1860, and to have it unveiled on December 18th, 1886, which will be the one hundredth anniversary of the great composer's birth.

MARY ANDERSON will open her London season at the Lyceum Theatre on September 1st, playing in W. S. Gilbert's "Comedy and Tragedy," and "Pygmalion and Galatea." In the Fall she will play in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool and Dublin. Subsequently she will return to this country under the management of Mr. Henry E. Abbey, and will open in New York in October of next year.

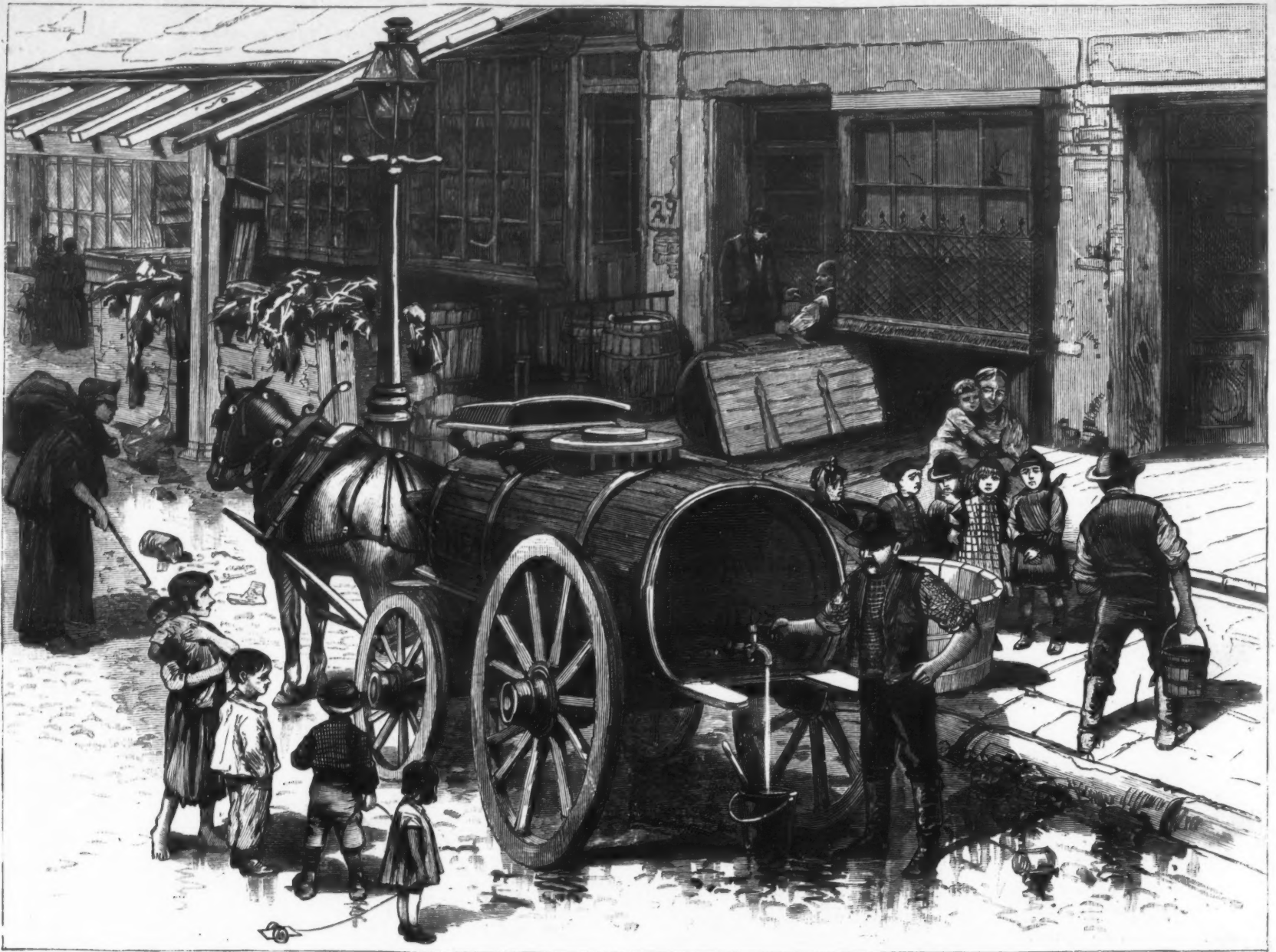
LAWRENCE BARRETT has returned from Europe. In reply to a question regarding his proposed new theatre in New York, he said: "I think there is every possibility now. I have got the right help, and in two years' time I hope to see it. If we can secure the property, it will be in Twenty-sixth Street, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Irving is enthusiastic over the project and will afford me every help in his power."

THE chess-playing world is in mourning over the sudden death of Paul Morphy, the famous New Orleans player, at the age of forty-seven. For ten years past the world had possessed but little interest for him. His intellect became clouded and he was not the Morphy of old. He hated the sight of a chess-board, and could not be brought to speak concerning the great game of which he was once the greatest master. Although eccentric and unsocial, his friends still loved him, and his death was a severe blow.

THE little Princess Mercedes, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Spain, and called after his first wife, is much admired and talked about. She is said to be like her mother, Queen Christina. The Princess appears daily in public, and when her outriders are seen in the streets or public promenades every one stops to get a glimpse of the pretty little thing. Summer and Winter she wears pure white, and even the small chair which is fixed upon the seat of her carriage is covered with white satin upholstery. Her equerry always rides beside the carriage door, and her governess, the Duchess of Medina de las Torres, is seated beside her on the left. Her nurse is an Englishwoman.

THE principal attraction at the wedding of Lord Tennyson's son was Lord Tennyson himself. Here was an elderly gentleman in conventional attire, devoid of a single note of the eccentricity of genius, and accommodating himself to his environment with much aplomb. Lady Tennyson's health rendered it doubtful almost to the last if she would be present; as it was, a bathchair conveyed her from the deanery to the chapel and back, and, robed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, she remained in it throughout the ceremony. The beautiful children of Mr. Lionel Tennyson were greatly admired. The site of the Laureate, Lord Houghton, Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. William Allingham and Mr. F. Locker, in a group together, was probably one witnessed for this occasion only.

PIERRE VAN COURTLANDT, the oldest representative of the well-known and ancient Dutch family of that name, and who died recently, had for more than fifty years made his home in the old family manor house at Croton Landing, on the Hudson. He loved nothing better than the quiet enjoyment of his family circle; and to this and the management of his large estate he mainly devoted his life. As a young man, he was singularly handsome, and when old age frosted his hair and beard he was still good-looking. His manners were courteous and his bearing dignified, but he was always cordial, especially to those with whom he came in contact in the lower walks of life. He was much beloved by the villagers at Croton Landing, whom he never passed without a kind greeting or word of recognition. The old manor house is a quaint specimen of old-time ideas of comfort. It was built in 1681.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE DISINFECTING CORPS OF THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT DISTRIBUTING DISINFECTANTS IN UNSAVORY NEIGHBORHOODS.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 357.



THE OLD PARSONAGE



ROOM IN WHICH CLEVELAND WAS BORN



CALDWELL FROM THE HILL.

NEW JERSEY.—THE PARSONAGE, IN THE VILLAGE OF CALDWELL, IN WHICH STEPHEN GROVER CLEVELAND WAS BORN.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 357.

A MONUMENT TO BEETHOVEN.

THE most important feature of the Beethoven Maennerchor's three days' celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization was the unvailing of the fine monument to the great composer, which our illustration represents. The site, in Central Park, is a most fitting one, being on the east side of the Mall, almost opposite the music pavilion. The monument has a height of sixteen feet six inches. The pedestal, which is of various colored Quincy granite stone, is twelve feet high. The lower part consists of three large square blocks of stone, which are surmounted by a beautiful granite column. At the top of the column the name Beethoven is cut. On the front, in bold relief, there is a female figure in bronze, five feet high, representing Music. In her left hand she holds a lyre, while her right hand is represented in the act of touching the strings, and her attitude is that of one listening to music. The bronze bust of the composer is four feet six inches high. The head is bent so that in looking up at the monument the entire face is seen. The ceremonies at the unvailing, on the 22d instant, consisted of some fine vocal and instrumental music, addresses and speeches of presentation and acceptance, and were witnessed by a vast crowd of spectators. Among the Maennerchor's invited guests were members of the Buffalo Orpheus Society, the Syracuse Leidenkranz, the Eintracht of Albany; the Utica Maennerchor, the Rochester Maennerchor, and the Newark Germania Singing Society. The visitors, during their stay in New York, were taken on various sight-seeing tours, and in the evening, after the unvailing of the monument, there was a grand summernight festival at Washington Park. The Beethoven Maennerchor, which, in 1849, was organized in a small east-side hall with eight members, has now over 700 members, 200 of whom are active singers. The monument has been erected entirely at the expense of the Society.

THE NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME AT DAYTON, OHIO.

PROPOS of the forthcoming unvailing of the Soldiers' Monument, erected at the National Soldiers' Home, near Dayton, Ohio, we give an illustration of the grounds and buildings of that institution—one of the most important of the kind in the country. It is situated on an elevation, and consists of a group of forty large buildings, including a handsome church of native limestone, and a hospital of brick, capable of accommodating three hundred patients. There are also a brick dining-hall, seating three thousand; a library, music-hall, billiard-room, bowling-alley, headquarters building and barracks for the men.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE BEETHOVEN MONUMENT, ERECTED IN CENTRAL PARK BY THE BEETHOVEN MAENNERCHOR, AND UNVAILED JULY 22D.—FROM A PHOTO. BY TENHOUEP.

The grounds embrace six hundred and forty acres, shaded with natural forest trees, handsomely laid out with fine avenues, an artificial lake, hot-house, etc.

The unvailing of the new monument, which takes place July 29th to 31st, is to be made the occasion of a grand military reunion, with the parade of ten thousand Grand Army of the Republic comrades, campfires, a battle between gun-boats and forts on the Miami River, etc. The monument will stand eighty-five feet high, surmounted by an Italian marble statue of a soldier thirteen feet high.

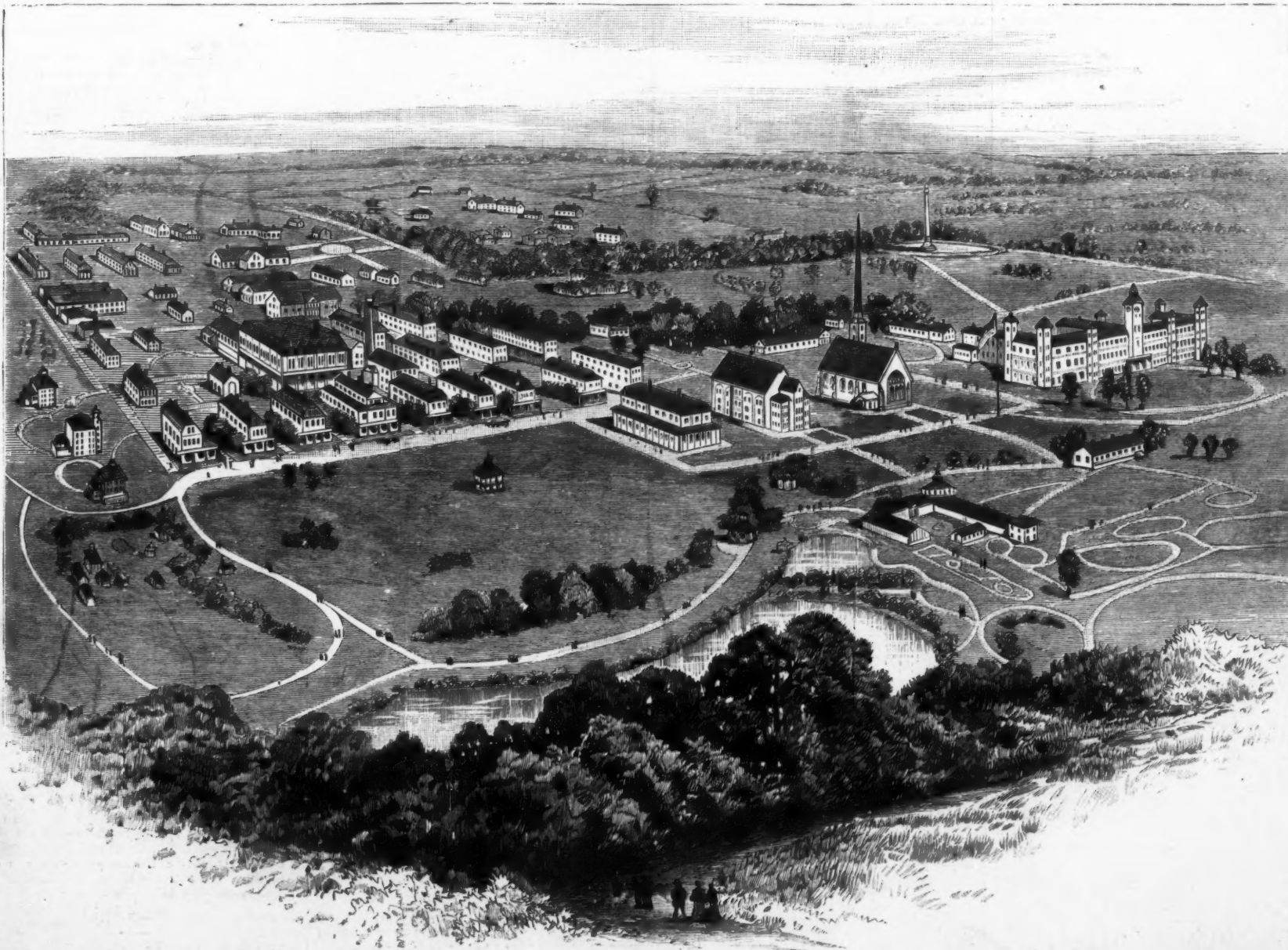
SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

THE recent discovery of a letter throwing light upon the verses cut on Shakespeare's tombstone is not important save as a seventeenth-century acknowledgment that Shakespeare was "great" and was neither Bacon nor a myth. This letter was found in the Bodleian Library, and was written by William Hall, a Queen's College man, who took his B.A. degree in 1694, to Edward Thwaites, also of Queen's College, and a well-known Anglo-Saxon scholar. The reference to Shakespeare is as follows:

"Dear Neddy—I very greedily embrace this occasion of acquainting you with something which I found at Stratford-upon-Avon. That place I came unto on Thursday night and the next day went to visit the ashes of the great Shakespeare which lye interr'd in that church. The verses which, in his lifetime, he ordered to be cut upon his tombstone, for his monument have others, are these which follow:

'Reader, for Jesus's sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here;
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones.'

The little learning these verses contain would be a very strong argument of the want of it in the author, did not they carry something to them which stands in need of comment. There is in this church a place which they call the bone-house, a repository for all bones they dig up, which are so many that they would load a great number of wagons. The poet, being willing to preserve his bones unmoved, lays a curse upon him that moves them, and having to do with clarks and sextons, for the most part a very ignorant sort of people, he descends to the meanest of their capacities, and disrobes himself of that art which, none of his cotemporaries wore in greater perfection. Nor has the design mist of its effect, for, lest they should not only draw this curse upon themselves, but also entail it upon their posterity, they have laid him full seventeen foot deep—deep enough to secure him. And so much for Stratford, within a mile of which Sir Robinson lives; but it was so late before I knew, that I had not time to make him a visit."



OHIO.—THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS OF THE NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME NEAR DAYTON.

PEDDLERS IN INDIA.

Among the incidents of life in Central India are the visits of the peddlers of live game. They are miserable, unkempt dwellers in the jungles, and a whole family will go peddling together, bearing on their shaggy heads large round baskets. Inside quails and partridges are fluttering about, the former piping their complaining notes, and outside may be a splendid peacock and two or three pea hens, a monkey, a couple of crow pheasants, a large blue-and-salmon-colored kingfisher, some jungle fowl, cocks and hens, and perhaps an iguana two feet long. All the birds will have their eyes stitched up according to the brutal Indian custom, and will sit placidly in utter darkness on the top of the basket, hungry and thirsty, for the poor things will never eat or drink when thus cruelly treated. The women, moreover, may have a basket of panting, palpitating hares, and her child—a wild-looking gypsy imp—a young jackal in her arms. The prices are low; but the buyer, at any rate, would get the worst of the bargain, since the taste of the flesh of most eatable animals is ruined by their treatment. Nevertheless, these junglers learn nothing, but persist, according to their ancient notions, in keeping alive as long as possible any wounded or snared animals that may come into their possession.

SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS TO ADVERTISERS.

GOODRICH & HULL, advertising agents of this city, have lately published a short circular containing a great deal of sound advice and good sense upon the important and partially understood science of advertising. Some of the positions are new, but are so thoroughly practical that we believe our advertising friends will thank us for reproducing them in these columns. Nothing is more to the point and more fully proved by experience than the following:

Would it not be well to stimulate an active demand among consumers? Many of the most valuable specialties and patents have too often resulted in small sales, or fallen entirely flat on the market, for want of proper introduction. Trade papers are good in their way, but they fail to reach the masses. Tell the consumers what the retailers carry on their shelves and success is yours. Retailers have not the time, nor would it be in keeping with good taste for them to intrude their many specialties on the customers. In our opinion, we hold that first-class newspapers are the cheapest and most effective mediums of advertising extant. Millions of dollars are annually wasted in postage, circulars, expensive glass signs, etc. Whereas, if ten per cent. of this amount was judiciously expended with first-class newspapers the returns in dollars and cents would prove most satisfactory. A great many merchants and manufacturers refrain from newspaper advertising owing to mistaken ideas of the expense and the manner of effectually covering the territory they desire to reach. For instance, take the State of New York: the jobbing centres are Troy, Albany, Utica, Rochester, Syracuse, Buffalo, Binghamton and Elmira. These cities are jobbing centres, extending over a circuit of from fifty to one hundred miles, and the local papers published there, supplemented by the New York daily and weekly press, fully cover that portion of the intelligent reading public to whose patronage an advertiser would care to appeal. The writer of this has been in the newspaper business for the past twenty years, and has yet to meet the traveling salesman who will not admit that his sales would be materially increased had even but a small reading notice preceded his visit; and you must perceive at a glance how readily the local jobber or retailer will appreciate this advantage to him.

We could cite you hundreds of instances where houses that were once small and insignificant have grown to the most gigantic proportions by closely following this plan of general advertising.

There are several first-class and reliable Advertising Agents in New York that represent a capital of several million dollars. These houses are fully posted as to the rates, circulation, etc., of all papers published in this country, and if you will take the time and look into this matter you will find that your sales will largely increase.

SUMMER TOURS.

THE Eastern Railroad pamphlet, giving time-tables, maps, hotel-lists and tours covering the White Mountains, Mount Desert, the State of Maine and the Maritime Provinces, and all the shore, mountain and lake resorts east of Boston, will be mailed free to any address on application to Lucius Tuttle, General Passenger Agent, Boston, Mass.

FUN.

A HOUSE at Edgartown, Mass., bears the sign, "Washing and ironing and going out to work done here."

"WHAT," said an inquisitive young lady, "is the most popular color for a bride?" "We may be a little particular on such matters, but we would prefer a white one."

SICK HEADACHE.

Among the chronic ailments hardest to bear and hardest to cure may be classed "Sick Headache," from which so many suffer periodical tortures. In our administration of Compound Oxygen we have been able to break the force and continuity of this disease in nearly every case, and where the treatment has been continued for a sufficient time to make a radical cure. In a recent case which came under our treatment we have the following report of prompt relief. It comes from a gentleman at Wind Ridge, Pa. He says:

"I had suffered for ten months with a blind, nervous headache, never being over two days without it. I tried different kinds of teas said to be good for headache, but my head only got worse. I saw your Compound Oxygen recommended. I commenced inhaling on Wednesday. On Sunday I had a very severe spell of nervous sick headache—got numb. I used the Compound Oxygen for three weeks, and have not had a sick headache since. It has been nearly a month since I stopped using it. I feel very grateful to you for so good a medicine. Also for another painful condition I feel that three weeks of your treatment has cured me. I have often had to take morphine. Not a pain any more."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Brouchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address, DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.

DOMESTIC UNANIMITY.—"It is a beautiful thing to see a husband and wife of one mind," remarked Mrs. Fogg. "Yes," replied Fogg; "but then it makes a good deal of difference who carries the mind."

LIFE-PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
FOR NERVOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, ETC.
Send to the Horsford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I., for pamphlet. Mailed free.

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."

Instant relief for Neuralgia, Toothache, Face-ache. Ask for "ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE." 15 & 25c.

"UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN."

"I have found Lebig Co.'s Amicated Extract of Witch Hazel the most satisfactory preparation of Witch Hazel, in every respect, of any I have yet seen."

"J. G. GILCHRIST, M.D.,
Professor of Surgery, etc."
Cures Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Painful Monthlies. Sold in fifty cents and dollar sizes.

PRETTY WOMEN.

LADIES who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

BURNETT'S COCAINE

SOFTENS the hair when harsh and dry.
Soothes the irritated scalp.
Affords the richest lustre.
Prevents the hair from falling off.
Promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"ROUGH ON ITCH" cures humors, eruptions, ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

HALFORD SAUCE is expressly for family use.

The highest medical authorities concede ANGLO-SWISS MILK FOOD to be the best prepared food for infants and invalids. Ask druggists, or write ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet "Notes Regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in this paper.)

No FISHERMAN wants his attention distracted or his patience tried by acrid, nauseating, narcotized tobacco. He wants something fragrant, mild, grateful, pure, inspiring. The tobacco for the fishing party is BLACKWELL'S DURHAM LONG CUT. It can't tantalize, but will insure comfort, patience, and a happy disposition.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

CHILDREN, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

A BOTTLE of ANGSTURA BITTERS to flavor your lemonade or any other cold drink with, will keep you free from Dyspepsia, Colic, Diarrhea, and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine ANGSTURA, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

"ROUGH ON PAIN."

CURES colic, cramps, diarrhoea; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50c.

THE VENERABLE PETER COOPER.

"I cheerfully testify that I have been to the COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION, 19 Cooper Institute, and had two teeth extracted while under the influence of Laughing Gas. I felt no pain whatever, and the gas produced no injurious or even unpleasant effects."

PETER COOPER.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" PLASTER.

Porous and strengthening; improved: the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia. 25c. Druggists or mail.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

PILES—PILES—PILES

Cured without knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for reference. DR. COOKINS, 11 East Twenty-ninth Street.

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.

NIGHT-SWEATS.

HEADACHE, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAGE BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAGE BELT and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health and vigor guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."

—Civil Service Gazette.
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

THE HOTEL OF THE CATSKILLS. HOTEL KAATERSKILL.

June 25th to October 1st, 1884.

Direct access by railroad to hotel now completed. 3,000 feet elevation; 90 miles of Hudson River view; 30 miles of drives; 20 miles of wooded walks; beautiful lakes; full band of music; electric lights; ballrooms; suites of rooms, with baths, etc., etc. Address P. O. Box 665, N. Y. City, or

W. F. PAIGE, Manager, Kaaterskill Post-office, Greene Co., N. Y.

INDIAN HARBOR HOTEL, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT.

On the Sound.

THIS HOTEL, ELEGANT IN ALL ITS APPOINTMENTS, HAS OVER 1,000 FEET WATER FRONT.

AGE: 40 ACRES SHADE-TREES; 45 MINUTES

BY EXPRESS FROM NEW YORK.

DESIRABLE ROOMS AT SPECIAL RATES.

H. F. WINSLOW.

HUNT'S REMEDY

THE BEST
KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE.
NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by physicians to die.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine.

HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and renewed health is the result.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, and Bright's Disease.

HUNT'S REMEDY quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the causes that produce Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Constiveness, Piles, &c.

By the use of HUNT'S REMEDY the Stomach and Bowels will speedily regain their strength and the blood will be perfectly purified.

HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and meets a want never before furnished to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it.

HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared expressly for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail.

One trial will convince you. For sale by all Druggists.

Send for Pamphlet to

HUNT'S REMEDY CO.,
Providence, R. I.

Prices, 75 cents, and \$1.00 (large size).

SICK HEADACHE

**CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER PILLS.**
Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliary Affections. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents, 50 cents by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, or rather, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

ANGLO-SWISS

TRADE MARK.



MILK-MAID BRAND.

**Milk FOOD
FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS**

Recommended by leading PHYSICIANS throughout the United States and Europe.

Also
CONDENSED MILK

For general use and especially for Infants and the aged of both sexes.

Chocolate & Milk
Cocoa and Milk
Coffee and Milk

CONVENIENT and ECONOMICAL.

33 Million Tins sold in 1883.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM

Gout, Gravel, Diabetes. The Vegetable Salicylates, celebrated French cure (within 4 days). Only harmless specifics proclaimed by science. Box, \$1. Book and references free. L. PARIS, only agent, 102 W. 14th St., N. Y. Branch, 308 N. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW GRAND HOTEL. CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

The Popular and Most Accessible Hotel of the Catskills.

The **GRAND** is the ONLY Hotel in the Catskills reached by Railroad and Parlor Cars direct to its doors, without change or transfer, via West Shore and Ulster and Delaware R.R.

For rates, rooms, etc., address Windsor Hotel, New York, or Colonnade Hotel, Phila. Can be seen personally at Windsor Hotel every Tuesday.

EDWARD A. CILLETT,

LATE MANAGER HOTEL KAATERSKILL.

DRY GOODS FROM NEW YORK AT

Mail Orders promptly and carefully filled.
LOW PRICES

Silks and Dress Goods a specialty. Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

LE BOUTILLIER BROTHERS,

(Established 1840.)

OF 23D STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"ECLIPSE" EXTRA DRY.

The wealthy and those of refined tastes need neither French Champagne nor the German or Hungarian varieties; nor need they drink Catawba or charged wines, for the "Eclipse Extra Dry" Champagne, produced of the finest and most delicate grapes in the world, is to-day the most reliable champagne in the market, and all connoisseurs are rapidly discovering this.

Quarts, \$16.50; Pints, \$18.50; delivered free to any part of the United States. Sold by all responsible dealers.

FRED'K WM. LUTGEN,

SOLE AGENT,

51 Warren Street, New York.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 309 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 60 Walker St. and Vienna, Raw meerschaum & amber for sale.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLECHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

RUPTURE

Cured by Dr. J. A. Sherman's method without injurious, tormenting trusses; no operation or restriction from labor; thousands have been cured during the past thirty-five years; abundant references given. Descriptive book, 10 cents. Office, 251 Broadway.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accepted no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., New York.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S. Also in N. Y. City, at Macy's, Stern's, Ehrlich's, Kidley's, etc.

25 Fancy Large Chromo Cards, 10 cents. DREW MFG CO., Baltimore, Md.

ONLY FOR

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION; it is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleishworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible skin medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

Frank Leslie's CHIMNEY CORNER.

Original Serial Novels, Short Stories, Sketches, Biographies, Poetry, Foreign and Domestic Gossip, Anecdotes, etc., etc.

The Most Popular Writers contribute to its columns, and the embellishments are by our Best Artists.

Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner is published every Monday, price 10 cents at all newsdealers. Annual subscription, \$4, postpaid.

Send 5 cents for a specimen copy.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,
53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

HAIR

Possesses a vitality of its own that often outlives the rest of the physical organism. More frequently, however, either through disease, inherent weakness, or age, it falls off, turns gray, or fades early.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Cures the diseases of the scalp and hair; strengthens hair that is naturally weak; nourishes and invigorates torpid hair roots, causing a new, vigorous, and luxuriant growth of hair on bald heads; and restores pristine freshness, color, and lustre to faded and gray hair.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is also a

Toilet Luxury

Superior to all other preparations for the dressing of the hair. It imparts pliancy, silken softness, lustre and luxuriance of growth, and not only cures Scald Head, Itching Humors, Tetter Sores, Dandruff, etc., but averts them, and prevents the hair falling off and turning gray.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all druggists.

SEND \$1 for a receipt to make the skin soft and white in six weeks; warranted pure and harmless. Mrs. E. GAR, Traversville, Staten Island, N.Y.

F.W. DEVOE & CO'S
READY MIXED
PAINTS
THE BEST HOUSE PAINTS MADE.
GUARANTEED FREE FROM WATER,
ALKALI OR BENZINE. MADE ONLY
WITH PURE LINSEED OIL, TURPENTINE
AND DRYER. SAMPLE COLOR LIST
OF 48 DESIRABLE SHADES
SENT ON APPLICATION.
MANUFACTURERS OF
COLORS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES,
ARTISTS' MATERIALS, ETC.
COR. FULTON & WILLIAM STS. COFFIN, DEVOE & CO
NEW YORK CITY CHICAGO.

H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS

ROOFING, BOILER COVERINGS,
Steam Packings, Mill Board, Gaskets,
Sheathings, Fire-proof Coatings, Cements, &c.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LISTS.

H. W. Johns Mfg Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

WALL PAPER.

DECORATE and BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES, OFFICES, ETC.

QUAINT, RARE and CURIOUS PAPERS by EMINENT DECORATIVE ARTISTS.

CLOSE FIGURES given on LARGE CONTRACTS.

If you intend to sell your house, paper it, as it will bring from \$2,000 to \$3,000 more after having been papered.

Samples and Book on Decorations mailed free.

H. BARTHOLOMAE & CO.,

Makers and Importers,

124 and 126 W. 33d Street,

Near Broadway, NEW YORK.

Shot Guns **Revolvers,**
Rifles,
Etc.
Large Ill. Catalogue free. Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

OPIMUM & WHISKY HABITS
cured with Double
Chloride of Gold. We
challenge investigation.
10,000 Cures.
Books free. The
LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.
DWIGHT, ILL.

LADIES
CHESTER'S ENGLISH / Worth their weight
PENNYROYAL PILLS / In Gold. Full
MICHESTER CHEMICAL CO. Philada. Pa.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF.
NICHOLSON'S Improved Artificial EAR DRUMS. The
only sure, easy, and unseen device used to permanently
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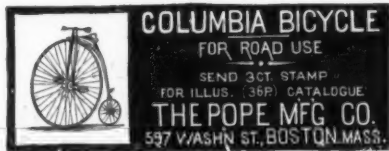


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